

# HOLLYWOOD

*Goes*

# MAD

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2018



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Invasion Of The  
Booty Snatchers

**SATURDAY NIGHT  
FEEBLE**

JURASS-HAS-HAD-IT  
PARK

*Raunchy  
Business*

**JAW'D**

THE

CALAMITYVILLE

HORROR

**A CROCKWORK**

**LEMON**

**CEASE**

THE  
WRETCHES  
OF ECCHFLICK

THE  
GODD-FATHER

**CASABONKERS**

the violence of the hams

*Fleshdance*  
THE ECCHORCIST

**FLOPEYE**

FOR HER *Feeble* ATTRACTION  
THIGHS ONLY

**TOP GUNK**

Antenna on the Roof

HENNA AND  
HER SICKOS

*Three Monons and a Baby*





# MAD

NO. 2 AUGUST 2018

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**COVER ARTIST** Eric Joyner

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You've likely seen the stars on the sidewalks of Tinseltown boasting unfamiliar names of yore. But even some of the shiny new ones might make you stop and scratch your head. Luckily, we got the lowdown on these over(rated) achievers so you can know on whom you stand...

# LESSER HOLLY

## GIL TURPIN CAMERA OPERATOR

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Only man in Hollywood to not have been accused of sexually harassing anyone, though he once got hammered and wandered naked onto the set of *Fox & Friends*.

## EDGAR FORTUNATO PUBLICIST

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Invented *Fish-boned.com*, a porn site for women who loved *The Shape of Water*.

## SUSAN KIRKBAUM SCRIPT CONSULTANT

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Had the idea of adding *Police Academy 4* jokes, *Revenge of the Nerds* storylines, and *Real Housewives of Orange County* character descriptions to Lifetime movie scripts to create the *Bad Moms* franchise.

## ROBERTA REVVIE MOVIE FRANCHISE CONSULTANT

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Pitted Sarah Jessica Parker against Kim Cattrall to prevent a third *Sex and the City* movie. Also spared the public from *Pirates of the Caribbean: Fire Island Swordfight* and *The Fast and the Furious: Skid Mark Alley*.

## WHITNEY BLEDSOE ACTRESS

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

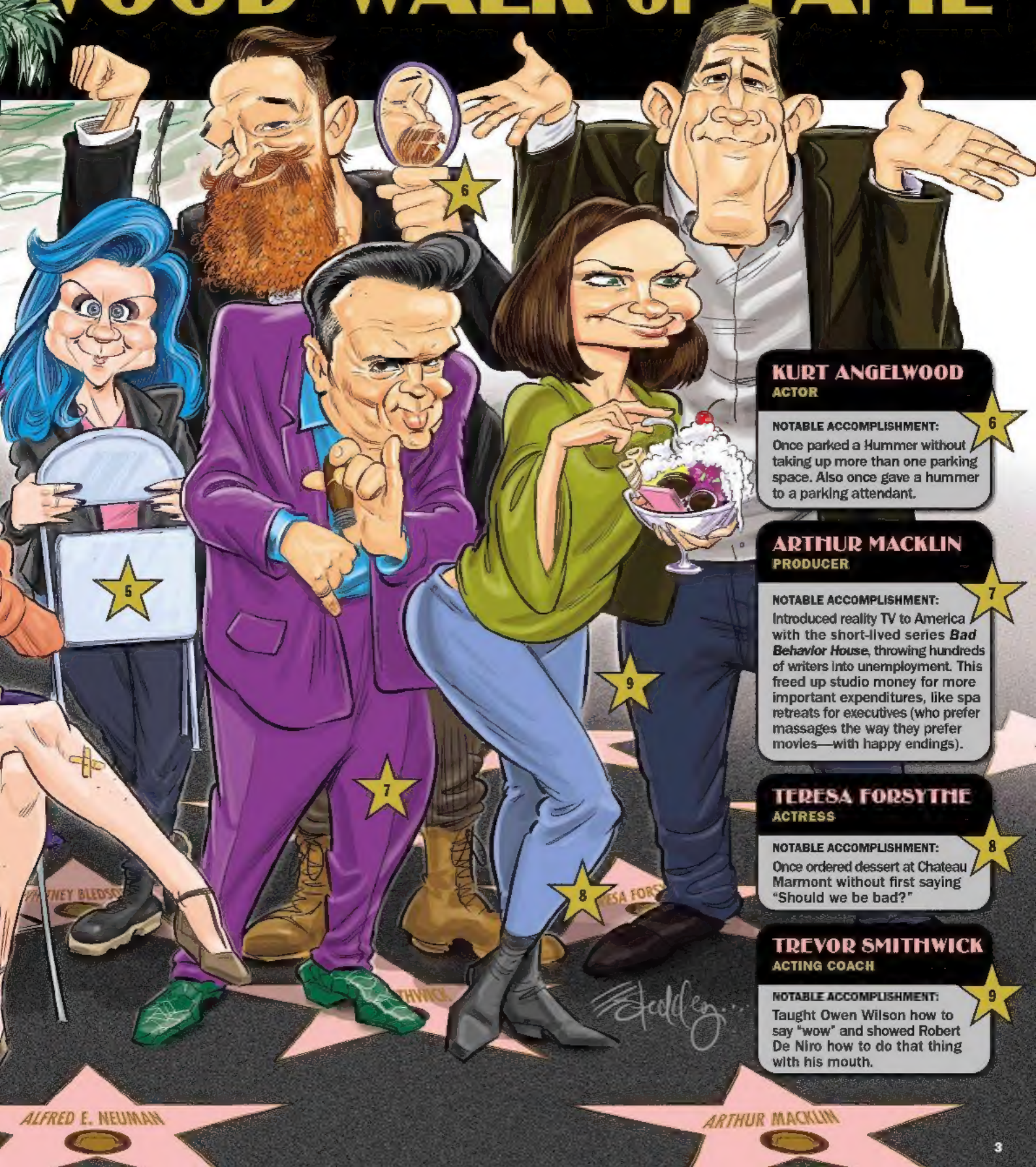
Esteemed unionized seat-filler at all Hollywood awards shows and criminal trials.



EDGAR FORTUNATO



# KNOWN STARS ON THE WOOD WALK OF FAME



## KURT ANGELWOOD ACTOR

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Once parked a Hummer without taking up more than one parking space. Also once gave a hummer to a parking attendant.

## ARTHUR MACKLIN PRODUCER

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Introduced reality TV to America with the short-lived series *Bad Behavior House*, throwing hundreds of writers into unemployment. This freed up studio money for more important expenditures, like spa retreats for executives (who prefer massages the way they prefer movies—with happy endings).

## TERESA FORSYTHE ACTRESS

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Once ordered dessert at Chateau Marmont without first saying "Should we be bad?"

## TREVOR SMITHWICK ACTING COACH

### NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:

Taught Owen Wilson how to say "wow" and showed Robert De Niro how to do that thing with his mouth.

ALFRED E. NEUMAN

ARTHUR MACKLIN





Not every public figure flaunts their body art like Angelina Jolie—and for good reasons (one being not every body is like Angelina Jolie's). Some celebs consider their tats too troubling to ever unveil. Well, consider us troublemakers, because we're about to bare these...

# EMBARRASSING CELEBRITY TATTOOS



**VLADIMIR PUTIN**

INKED: THE MOMENT HE FELT THE URGE TO KICK AMERICA'S ASS (AGE 8).



**GISELE (AKA. MRS. TOM BRADY)**

INKED: AFTER THE LAST SUPER BOWL.



**DONALD TRUMP**

INKED: REFUSES TO DIVULGE (BUT IT'S PARTLY WHY HE'S BUILDING A WALL ON THE MEXICAN BORDER).



**JEFF BEZOS**

INKED: IN 1994, TO REMEMBER HIS FIRST AMAZON PASSWORD.



**MIKE PENCE**

INKED: DURING THE ONE REBELLIOUS WEEK OF HIS TEENS.



**SELENA GOMEZ**

INKED: ONE OF THE TIMES SHE CRAWLED BACK TO JUSTIN BIEBER.



# XANDER AND KAM'S SNEAKY PREVIEWS



WRITER IAN BOOTHBY ARTIST TOM RICHMOND







AH-HA-HA!  
PEE-PEE!

YAAAHH! I knew it was **dangerous** to change a boy baby's diaper, but **demonic acid pee** takes it to a whole new level!



I haven't had time to sleep or bathe in weeks! But it's **worth it** to give Elastigirl more time to fight crime.

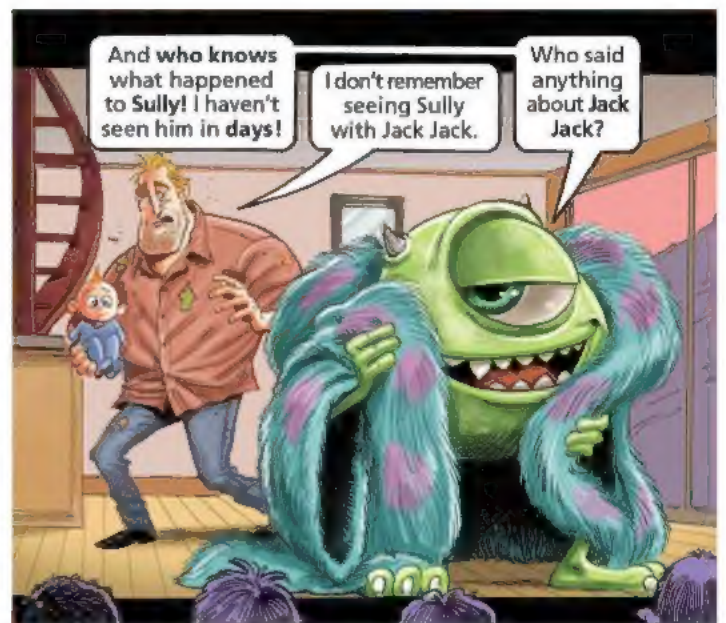
No. No, it's not.



You think it's tough for you? Look what Jack Jack did to us!

And he turned Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head into french fries!

When we specifically asked for them au gratin!



And who knows what happened to Sully! I haven't seen him in days!

I don't remember seeing Sully with Jack Jack.

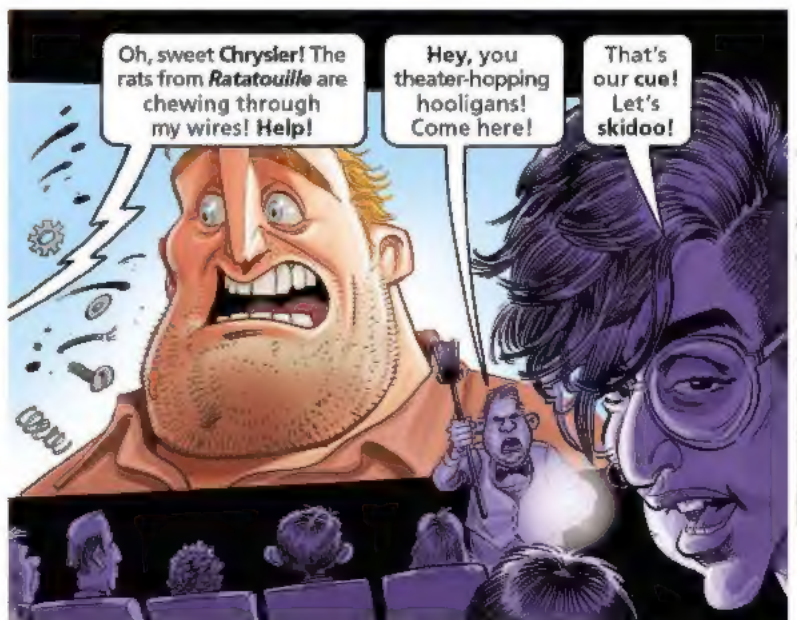
Who said anything about Jack Jack?



Don't tell me he hurt you, too!

Naw, our franchise is just so successful, we get to be in all the Pixar movies!

Wow. Good thing, because we teach kids the importance of driving fast and reckless!

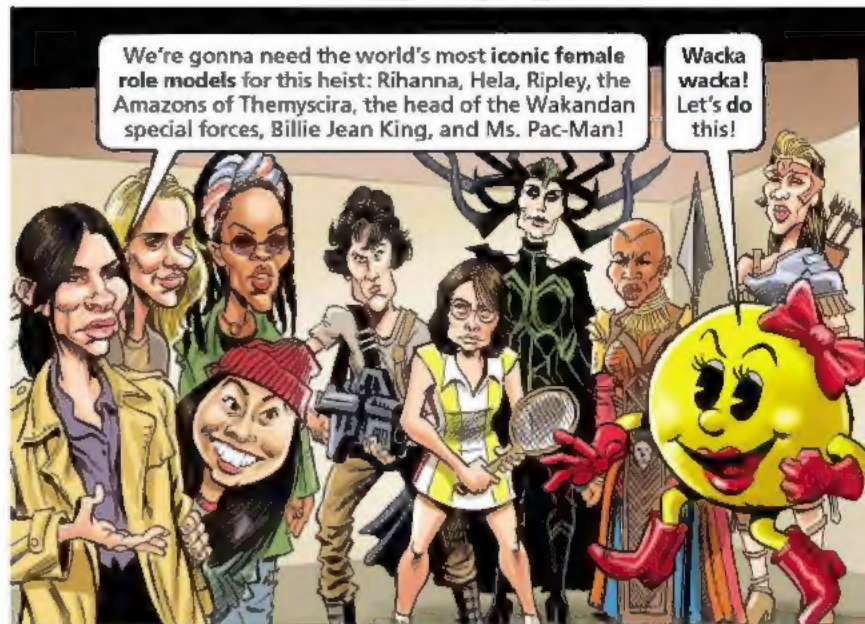


Oh, sweet Chrysler! The rats from *Ratatouille* are chewing through my wires! Help!

Hey, you theater-hopping hooligans! Come here!

That's our cue! Let's skidoo!

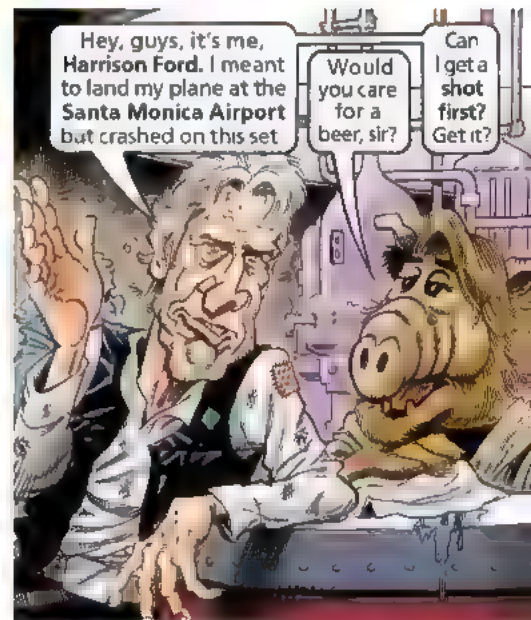
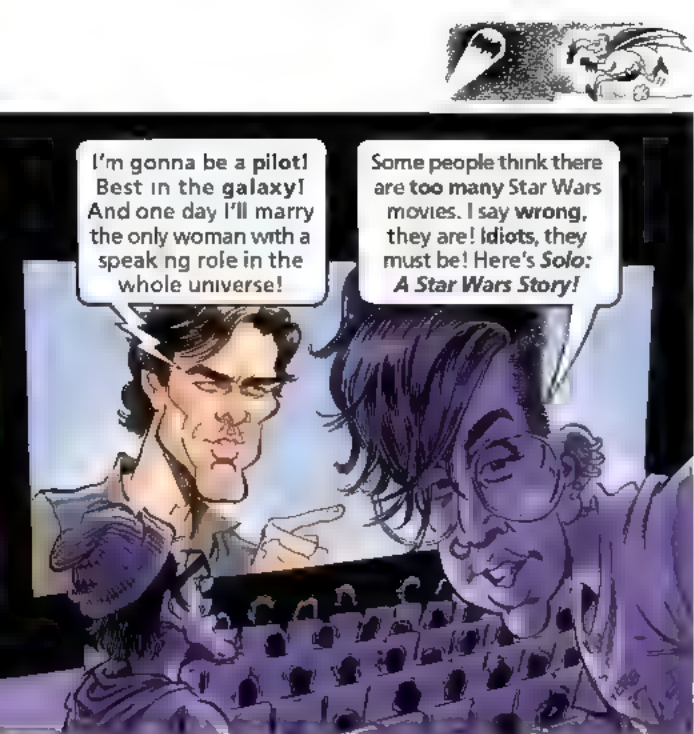




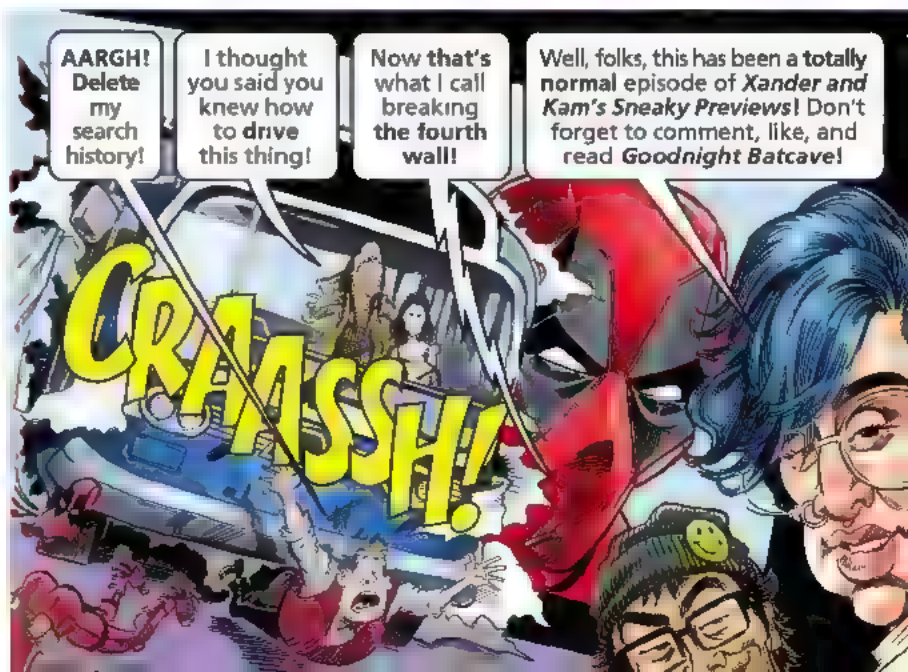
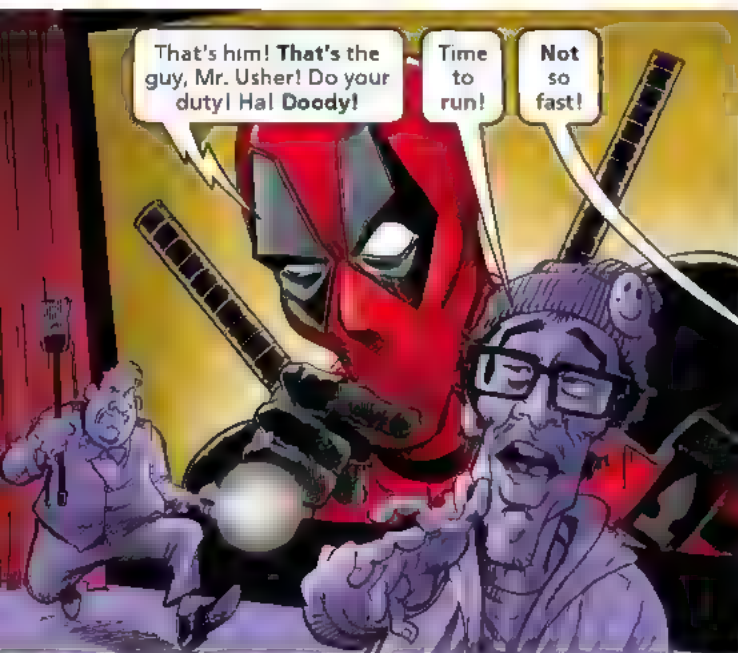
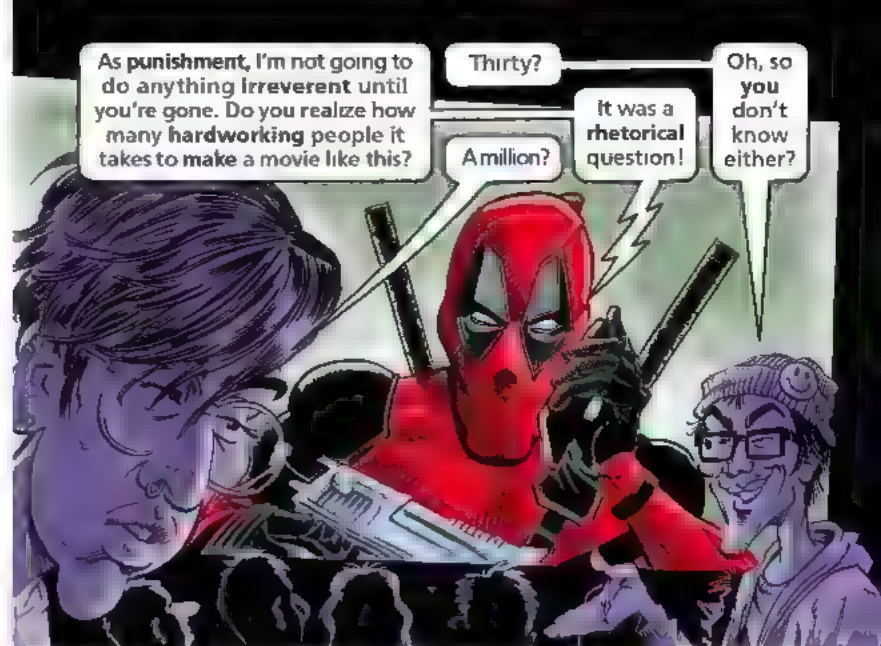














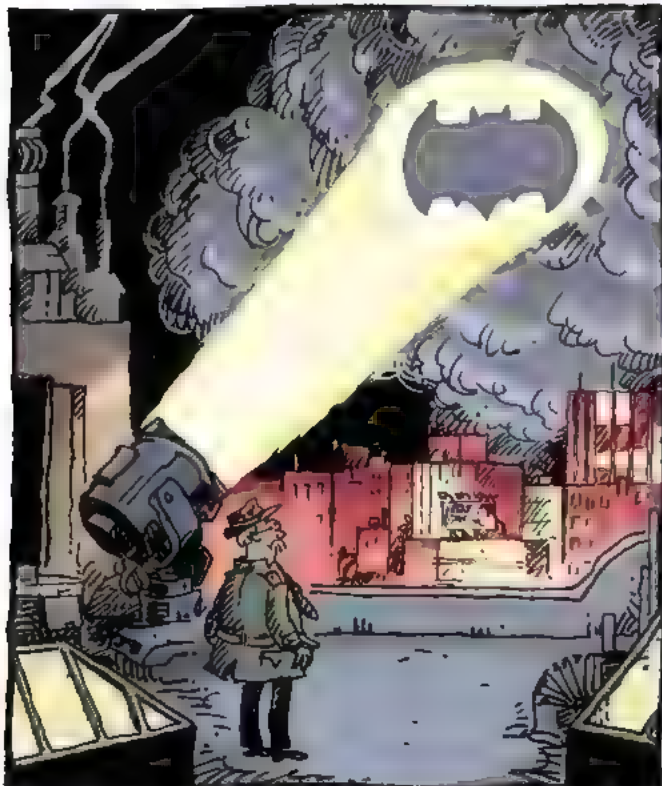
# MOVIE SCENES

WE'D LIKE TO SEE



WRITER & ARTIST **BERGIO ARAGONÉS**

COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**







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**GeekyTIKIS**

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# PAUL GARBANZO

## FOOD CRITIC

WRITER CHRIS STEVENS    ARTIST STEPHEN SILVER

Hi, America! I'm Paul Garbanzo, the world's most respected food critic. What sets me apart from the other guys, you ask? It's simple: I get up before all of 'em! That's right, every morning I wake up at the crack of dawn, brush my teeth for about an hour or two, then I'm out the door to get the scoop on all the hottest new restaurants! Here are just a few of my most recent reviews.



### Wendy's

Everyone seems to be buzzing about this place, but honestly? I just don't get the hype. This might sound crazy, but **everything** I ordered here tasted **EXACTLY** like toothpaste. The burger, the nuggets, even the dang sodey pop! I don't know what in the Sam Hell they're doing at Wendy's, but you can count me out! **ZERO STARS**

### Jamba Juice

The **mean children** who live across the street from me are always saying that the **juice** here is "ballin'," so I decided to give it a shot. The line was a bit long, so naturally I did what anyone would have done: I brushed my teeth to pass the time. Soon enough I had my hands on my first Jamba Juice, and you're not gonna believe this, but it tasted just like toothpaste! "This isn't ballin'!" I told the cashier. "What?" he said. **ZERO Stars**

### Dunkin' Donuts

I decided to check this place out one morning before heading to my other job (I dig holes for the Army), and I gotta say, it was a **major letdown**. I must've sat there for a solid three hours sipping the toothpaste-flavored coffee they gave me, wondering just who in the **world** is drinking this stuff. My trance was finally broken when I got a text from my boss that said, "where r u? we need holes!" and I was forced to leave.

**Zero STARS**

### McDonald's

This place had an indoor playground!

★★★★★ **FIVE STARS!!!**



# THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

## HOYDEN

by JIM WOODRING

MAD and I were born within a few weeks of each other in the fall of '52. I became aware of the magazine about 10 years later, after we had both survived tumultuous childhoods and became established nuisances.

I loved MAD. In addition to its own inspired crew of artists, MAD introduced me to Bob and Ray, Ernie Kovacs, Stan Freberg, Sid Caesar, and many more exemplars of subversive wit. MAD gave me an identity: subculture insider, connoisseur of great cartooning, unpredictable social factor.

At about the time it began to matter, I realized that there were girls who liked MAD. The most interesting were willfully artistic minxes of the sort who wore leotards, smoked cigarettes, had wild black flowing manes, spoke their chaotic minds, and exhibited a kind of bold, out-of-it chutzpah that made me drunk with admiration.

I had an ideal fantasy version of this girl; a free-spirited, summery, acid-tongued tomboy to whom no fellow was clued-in enough, smart enough, funny enough, or arboreal enough for her to waste her time on...that is, until I came along.

Jim Woodring is the creator of the celebrated FRANK books. He lives on Vashon Island in Washington State and on [jimwoodring.com](http://jimwoodring.com).





52¢

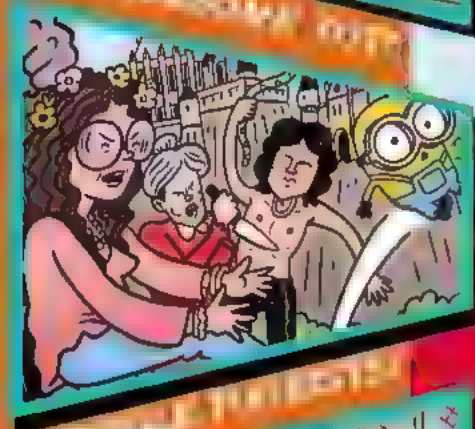
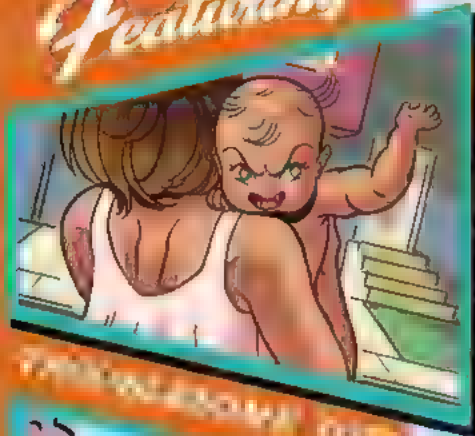


# POTRZEBIE

COMICS

What the **HELL** is  
**POTRZEBIE?**

Featuring



ARTIST BILL MORRISON

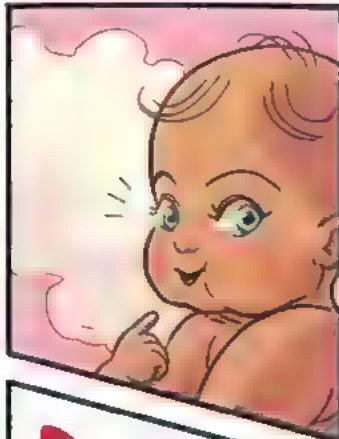
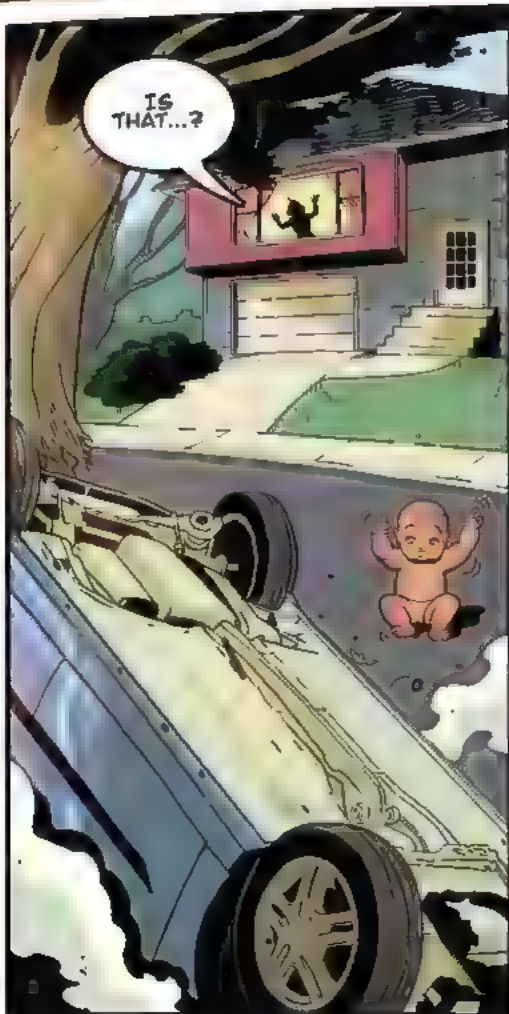
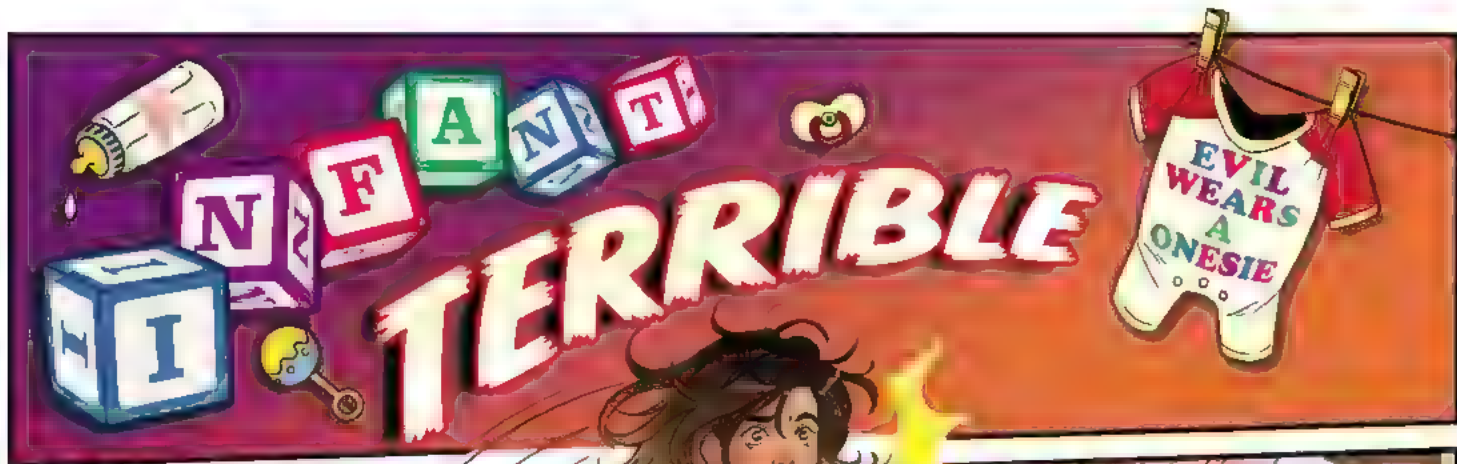
Plus

The Final  
installment of

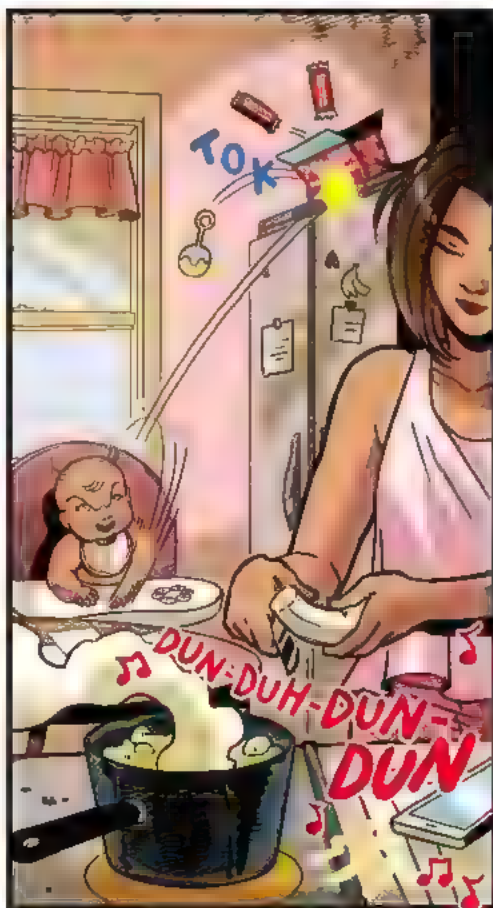
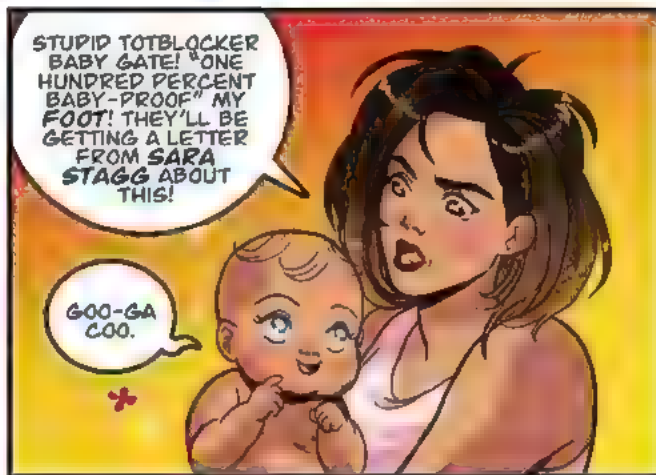
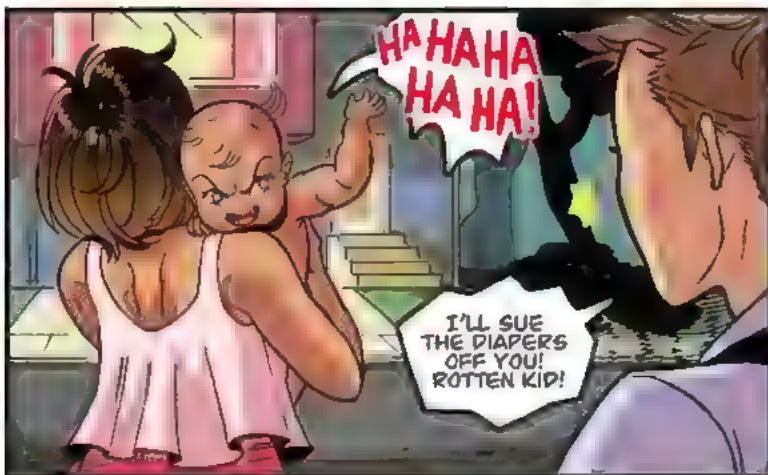
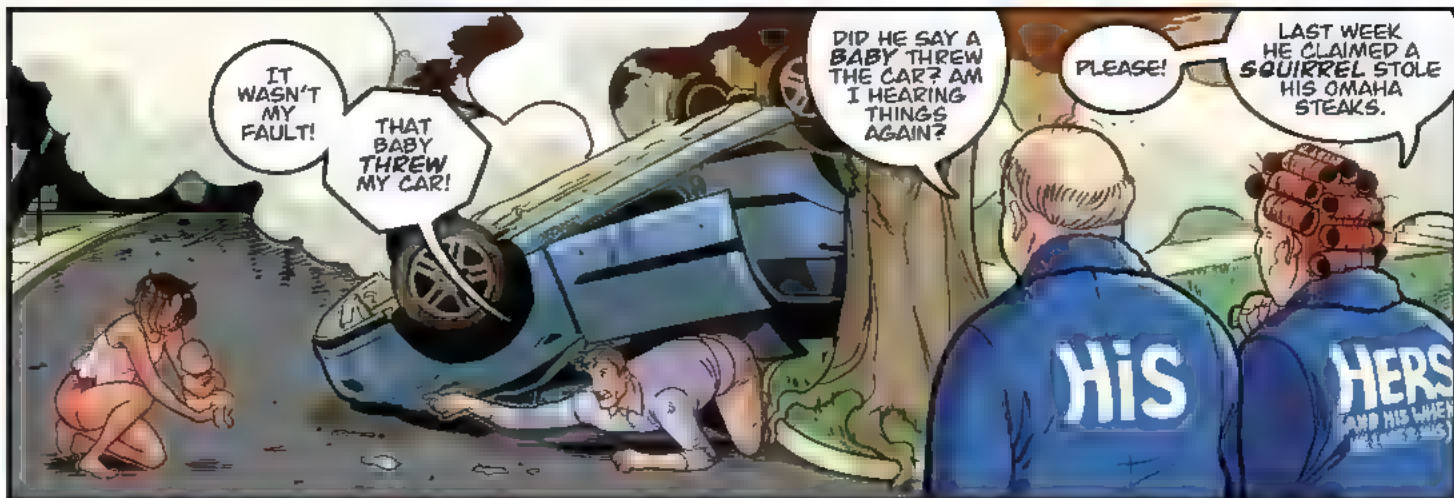
**ASSISTED SUICIDE SQUAD!**

(Not included in select regional  
editions of Potrzebie Comics)

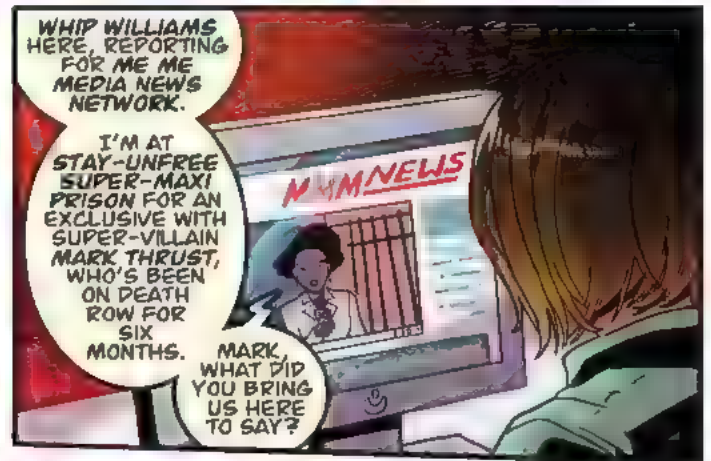
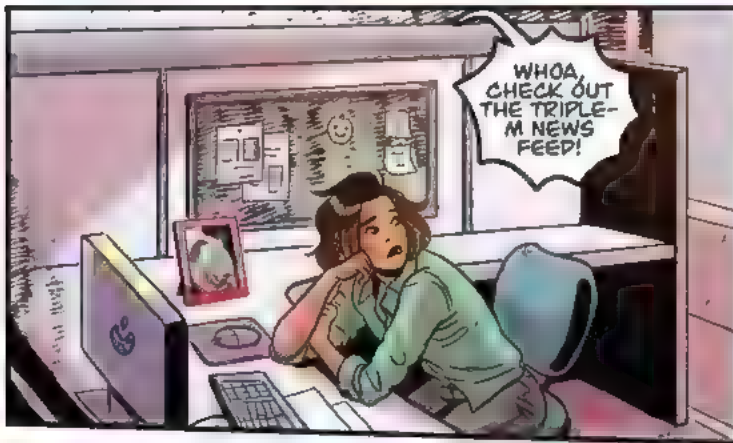




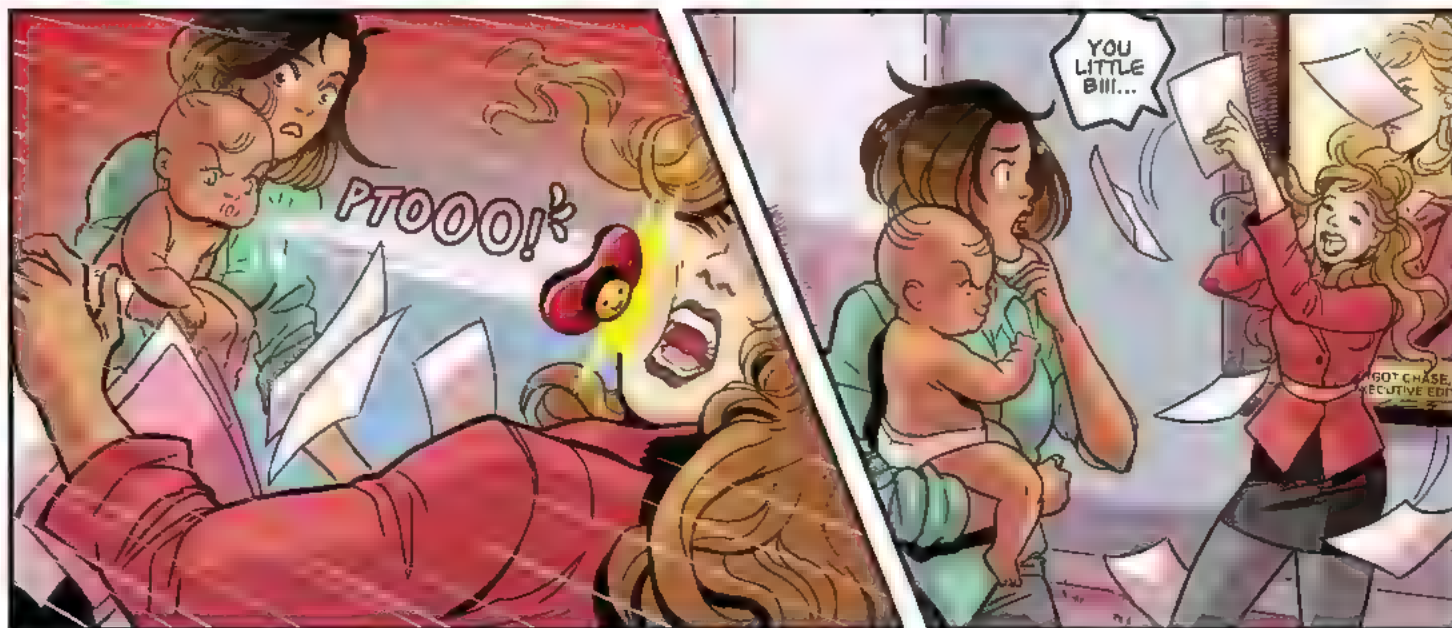
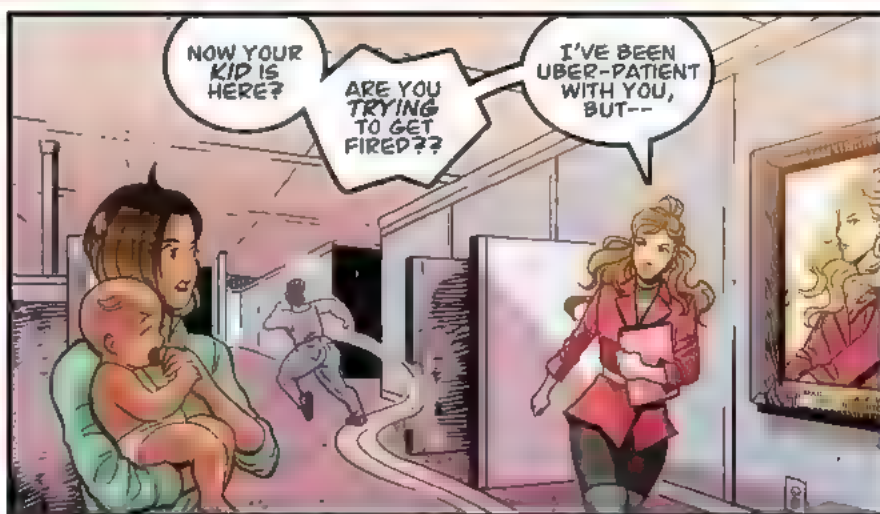
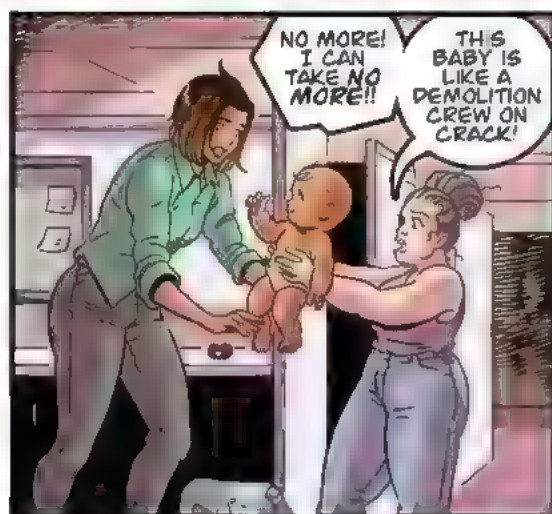




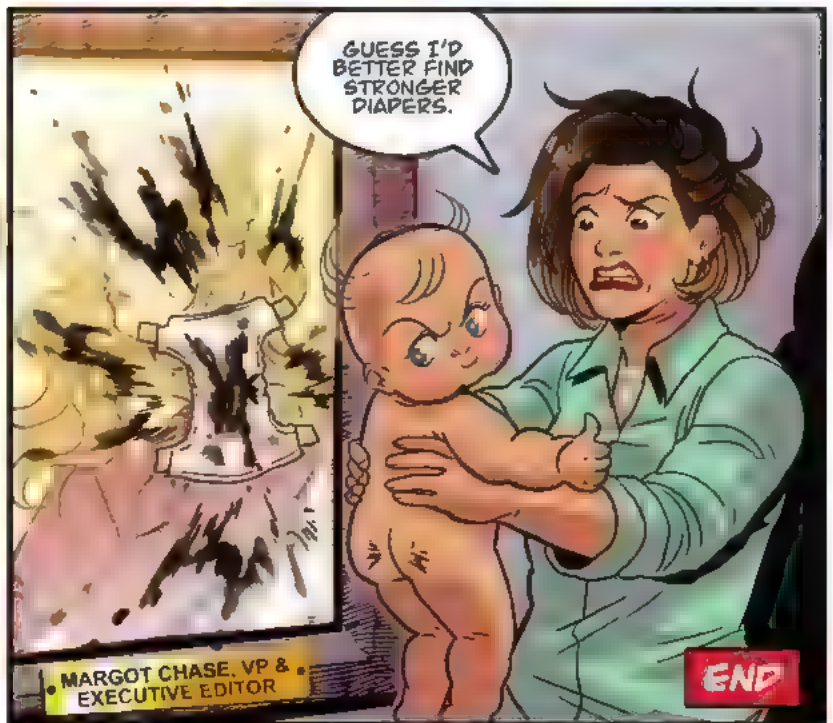
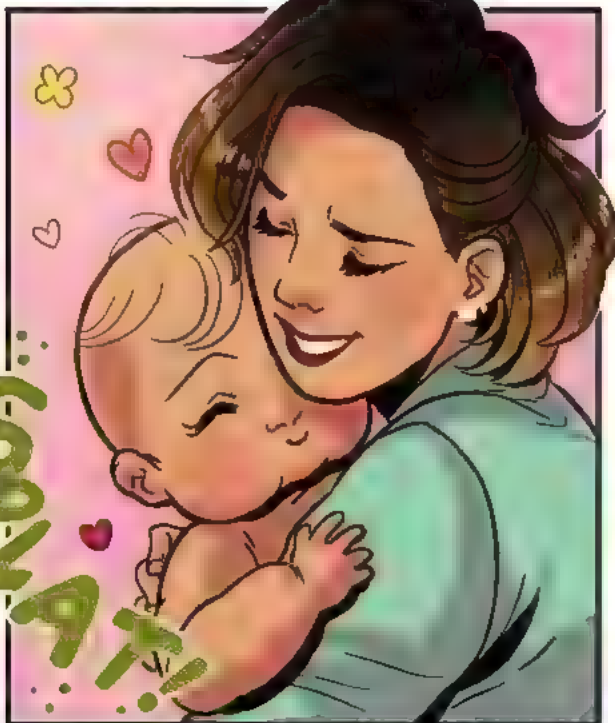
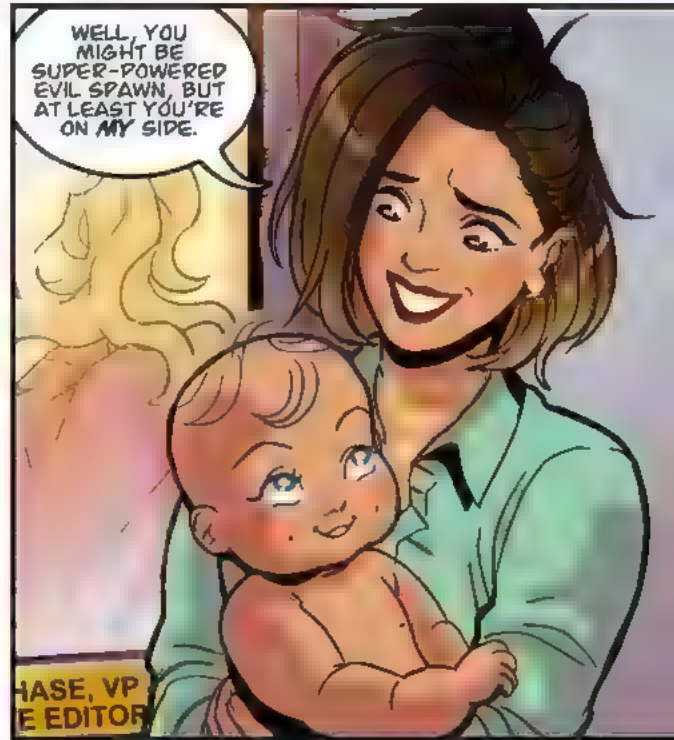
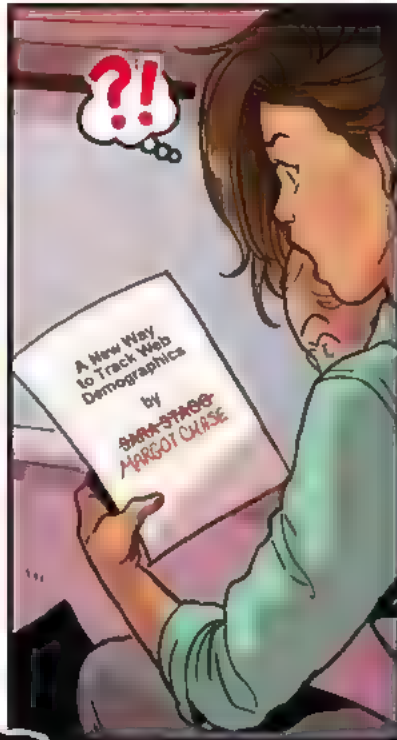
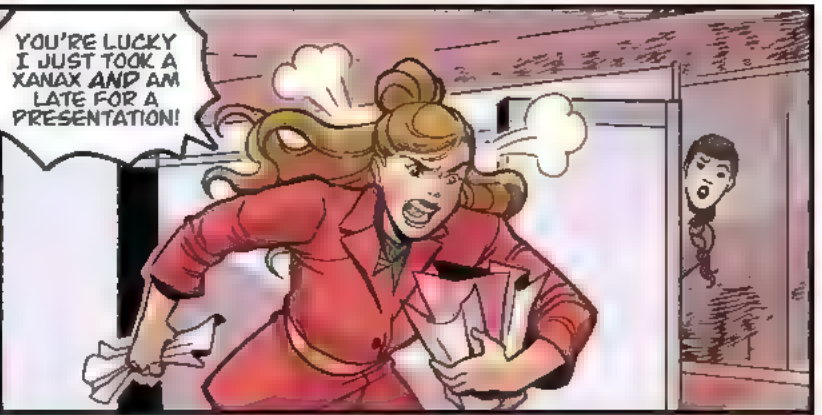
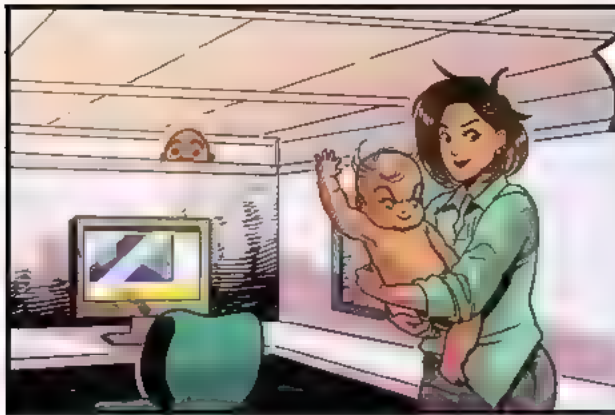














# THE 27 CLUB



JIMI



JIM



JANIS



KURT



AMY



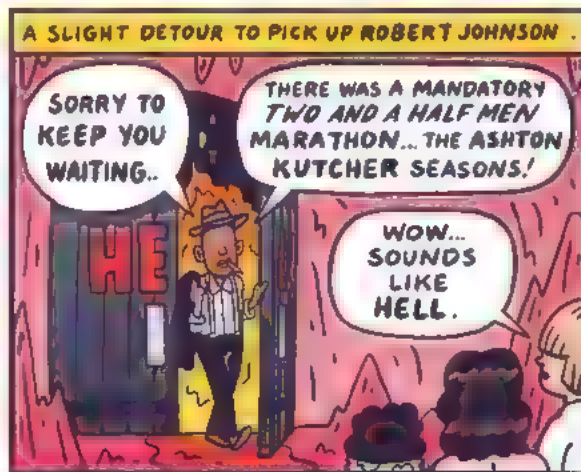
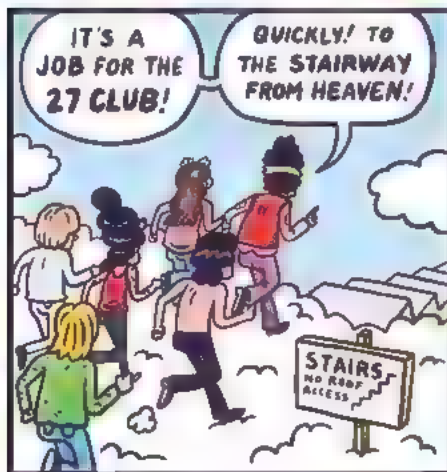
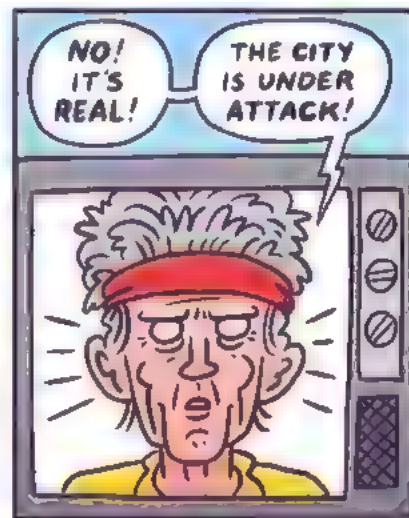
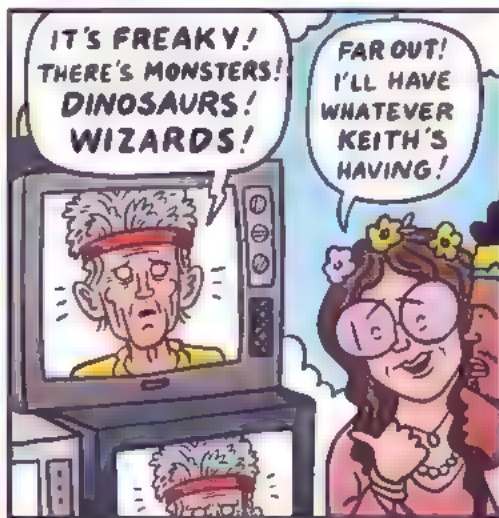
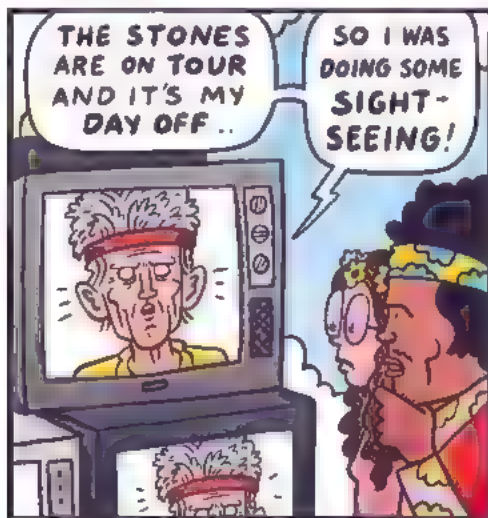
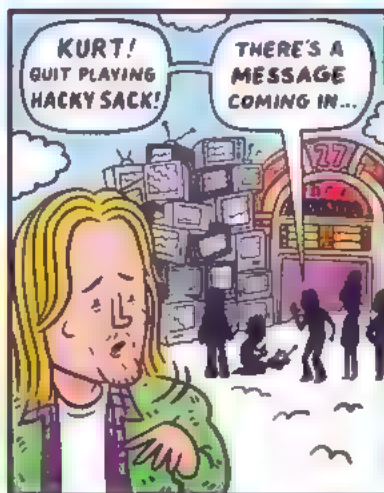
BRIAN



ROBERT

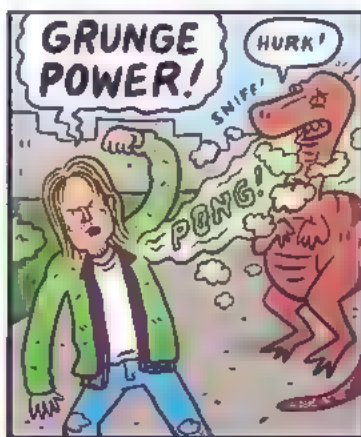
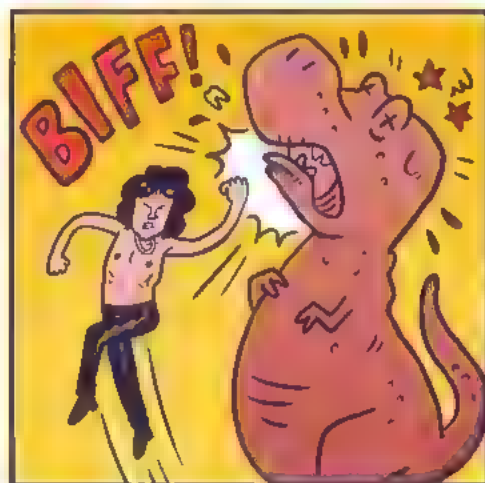
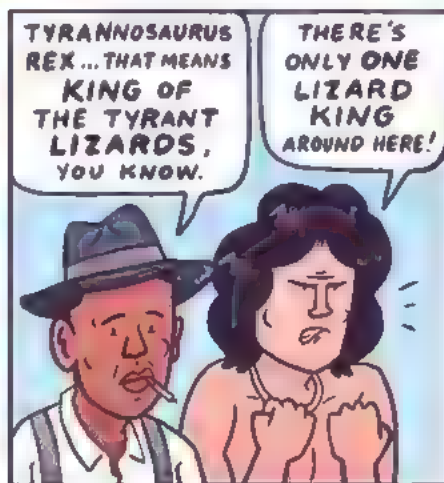
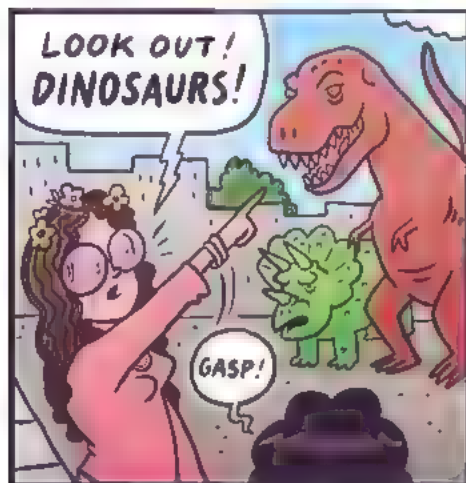
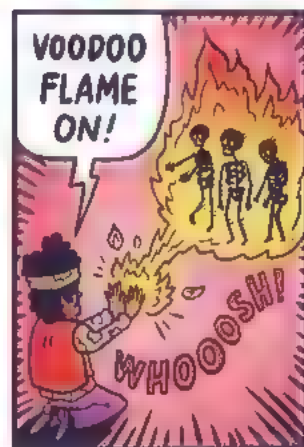
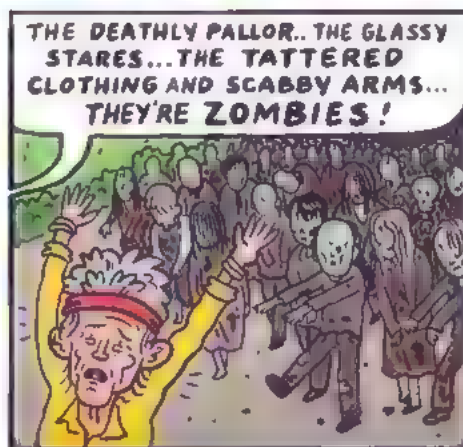
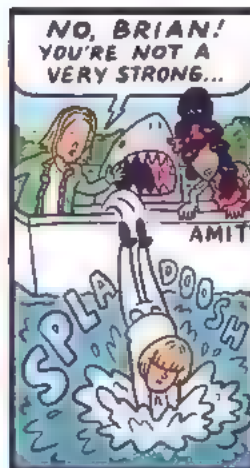
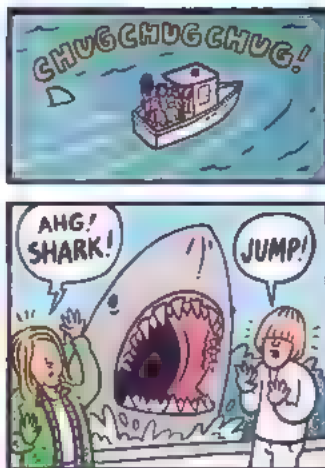
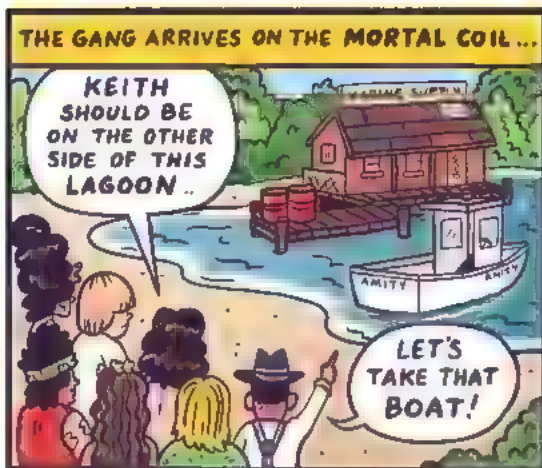
PARADOXICAL POP STARS RESCUING THE PLANET

BY LUKE MCGARRY



WRITER & ARTIST LUKE MCGARRY





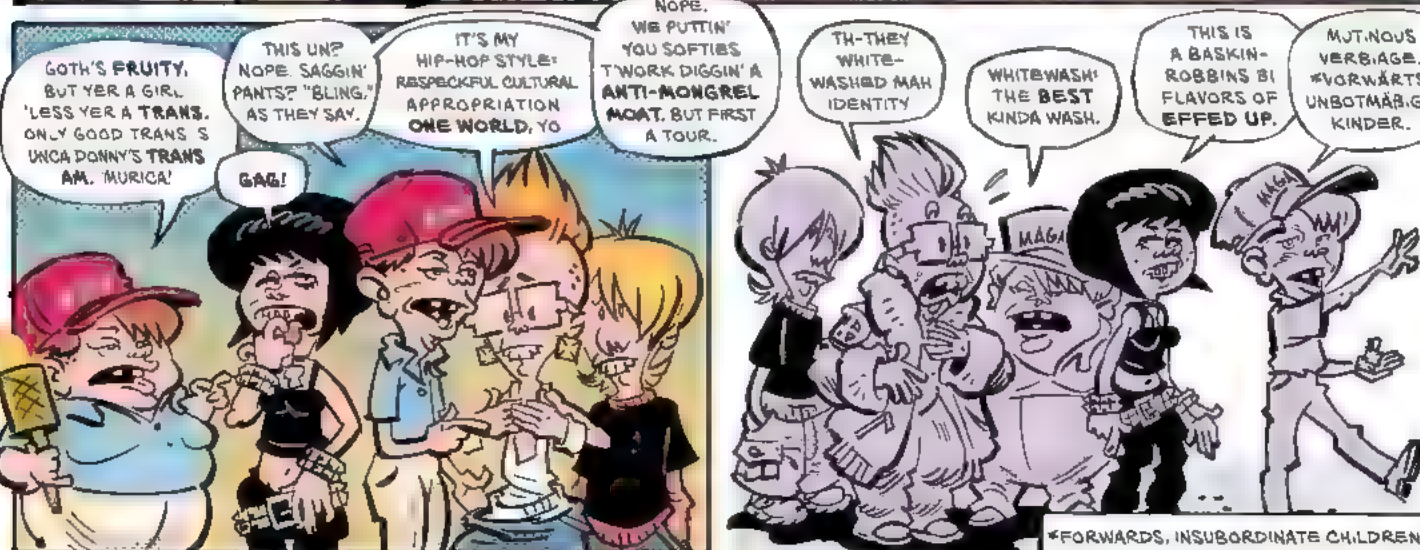
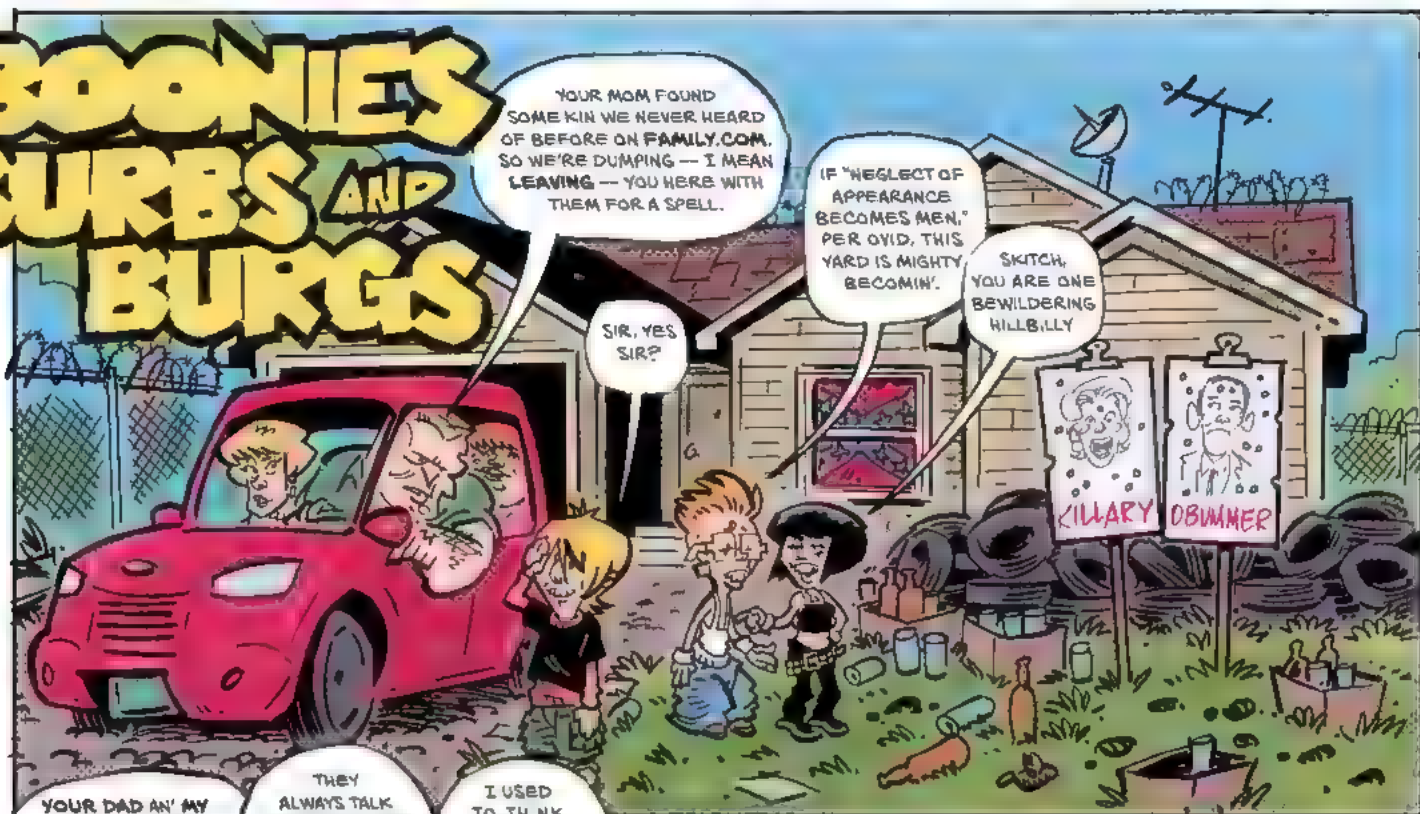




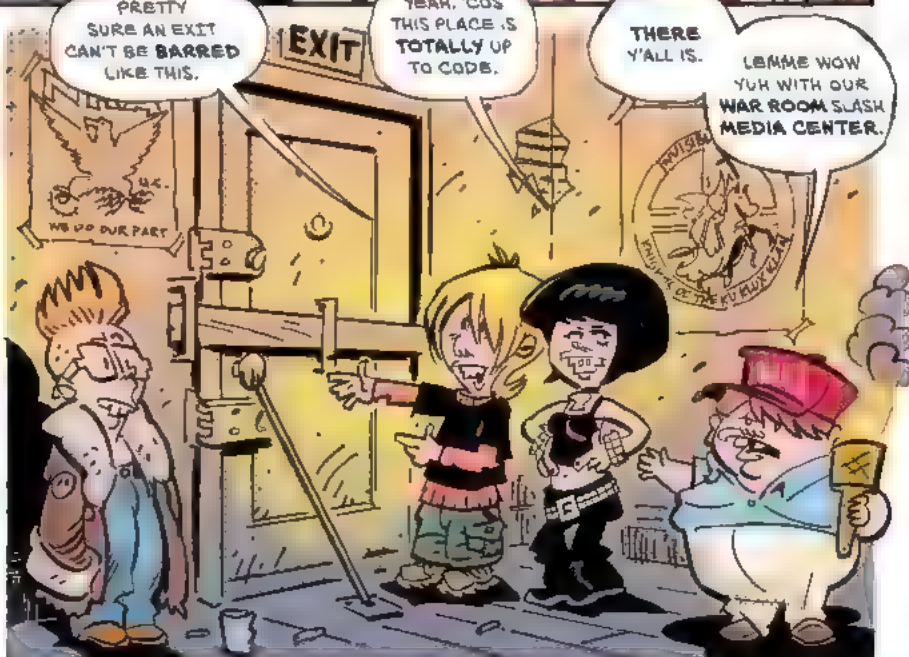
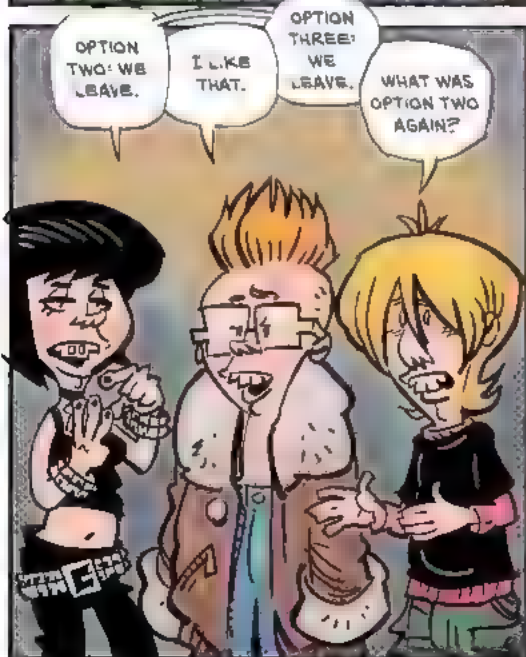


HOW CAN YOU NOT SEE THE NAZI DEPARTMENT: IN WHICH ALDRIN KATCHER ONCE AGAIN DITCHES HIS SUBURBAN SON, BUZZ, AS WELL AS CITY COUSIN, CHLOE, AND COUNTRY CUZ, SKITCH, THIS TIME WITH RELATIVES THEY'VE BARELY HEARD OF. BECAUSE BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER AND FAMILY IS THICKER THAN SLUDGE.

# BOONIES BURBS AND BURGS













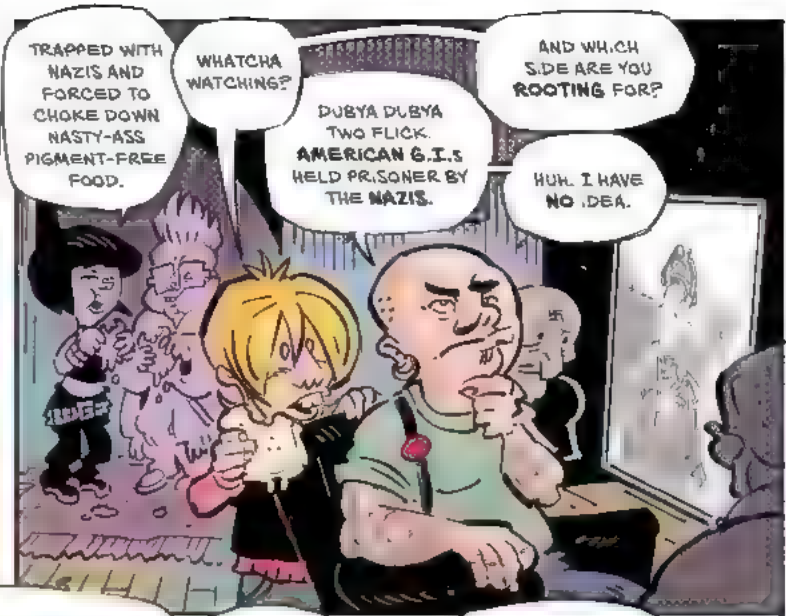


Y'ALL HERE T' HELP WITH TH' MOAT OR MY COLORED EX-FRIEND HERE'S CRAPPER?

OUCH, SO OUCH.

UH, NO? YEAH? UH, ONE SEC! WE NEED LUNCH FIRST TO BUILD, JM, STRONG BONES?

MILK 'N' WHITE BREAD 'N' MAY-O-NAISE WHITE WHITE FOOD FER WHITE WHITE PEOPLE.



TRAPPED WITH NAZIS AND FORCED TO CHOKE DOWN NASTY-ASS PIGMENT-FREE FOOD.

WHATCHA WATCHING?

DUBYA DUBYA TWO FLICK AMERICAN G.I.'S HELD PRISONER BY THE NAZIS.

AND WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ROOTING FOR?

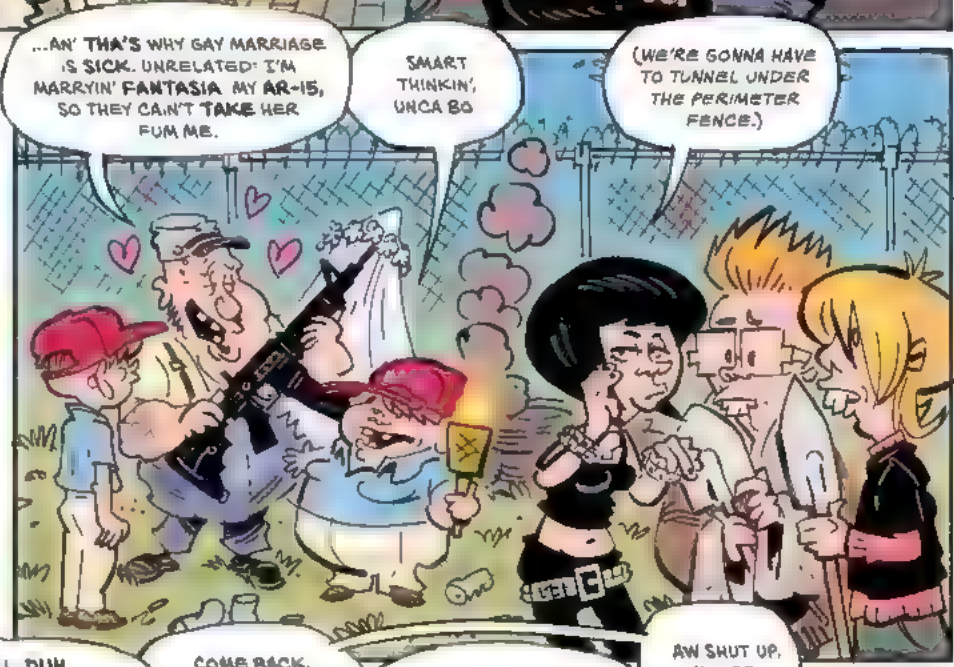
HUH. I HAVE NO IDEA.



WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO OPTIONS ONE, TWO AND THREE

I HAVE AN IDEA! WE NEED TO ESCAPE!

AS A BABY WERE YOU DROPPED ON YOUR HEAD A LOT?



...AN' THA'S WHY GAY MARRIAGE IS SICK. UNRELATED: I'M MARRYIN' FANTASIA MY AR-15, SO THEY CAN'T TAKE HER FUM ME.

SMART THINKIN', UNCA BO

(WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TUNNEL UNDER THE PERIMETER FENCE.)



OKAY SO, TH MOAT GOES OUTSIDE TH' FENCE. WE TRIED T' GIT OUR MEXICAN NEIGHBORS T' PAY FER IT, BUT THEY JUST LAUGHED.

OUTSIDE THE FENCE?

WELL, DUH. WHY WE WANNA MOAT ONNA INSIDE? NOW GIT OUT THERE SO'S Y'ALL CAN—

COME BACK, YA SISSY LIBTARD RACE-TRAITORS!

WE'LL JES' HAFTA GIT THEM MEXICANS T' DO IT. GOTTA ADMIT, THEY SOME HARD-WORKIN'—

AW SHUT UP, MOOBS.



HATE T' SAY IT! IT IS EASIER T' RUN WITH M' PANTS PULLED UP!

SO WHO'S WITH ME FOR FILING EMANCIPATION PAPERS AGAINST OUR PARENTS?

THE END



# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS

# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS



HOLLYWOOD

# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS



HOLLYWOOD

[illegible]

# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS

The illustration depicts a chaotic scene of destruction in Hollywood. At the top, a giant wave monster crashes down from the sky, while a volcano erupts in the background. In the foreground, a massive crowd of people is being trampled by a dinosaur and other creatures. The scene is filled with iconic Hollywood landmarks like the MGM sign, Madame Tussauds, and various hotels, all depicted in a chaotic, war-torn state.

# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS



HOLLYWOOD

# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS



# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS



## HOLLYWOOD

# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS



## HOLLYWOOD

# MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS



**WRITER & ARTIST TOM BUNK**





It's considered gauche to date a woman who is younger than your Lifetime Achievement Award.

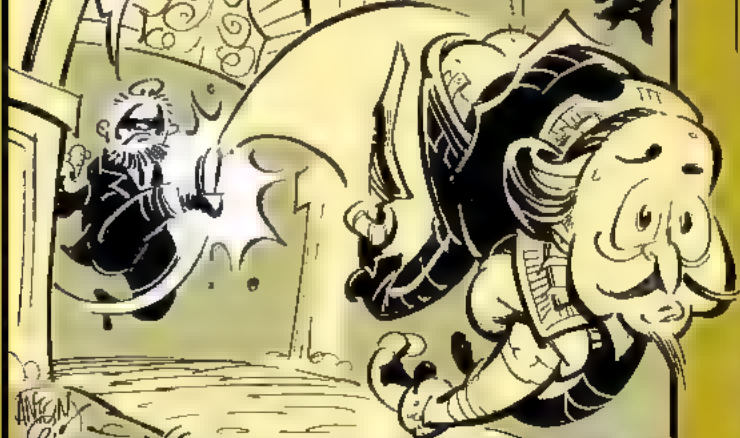


#### THE RULING CRASS DEPT.

We've been hearing a lot of sordid stories about stars who thought they were above the rules. But even actors and producers who live otherwise-clean lives must abide by certain unspoken guidelines that control the entertainment business. As a public service, we have perversely written down and (incorrectly) present...

SHAKESPEARE,  
YOU IDIOT!  
YOU KILLED  
EVERY CHARACTER!  
HOW ARE WE  
SUPPOSED TO DO  
THE HAMLET  
SEQUEL?!

# THE Unwritten HOLLY



No matter how good your screenplay is,  
it's useless without the promise of a franchise.

Be smart and invest in Botox companies  
one month before awards season.







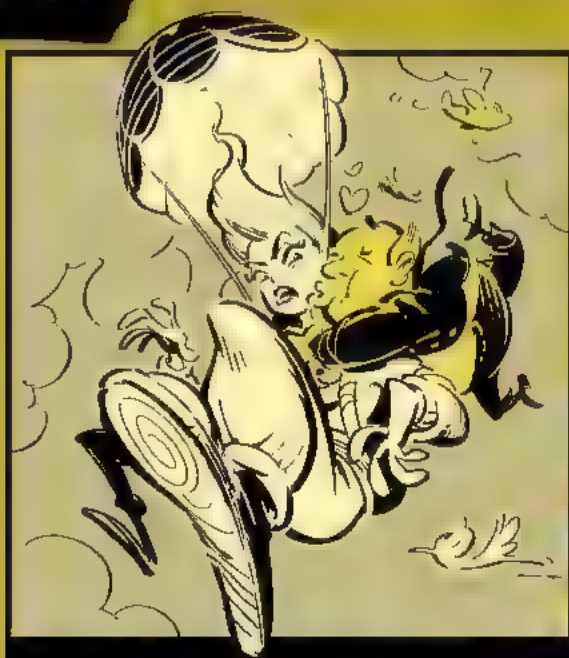
You're not obliged to change your headshot until after you've had your 15th cosmetic procedure.



# Rules OF WOOD

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **ANTON EMOIN** COLORIST **DOUG THOMSON**

There's a reason why the cement imprints outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre have never honored porn stars.



The "casting couch" has been banned, but sleazy movie executives will always find a way.







You can't shield your children from the realities of the world forever, no matter how high you build that wall fence! So, on the off nights when you're not reading about engines that could, we recommend easing your little ones into modern misery with these...

# Bedtime Stories

## for the Trump Era



WRITER & ARTIST NOMI KANE



The Articles of Confederation, the Bill of Rights, 10 Things I Hate About You. Laying down ground rules has always been important, but perhaps never more so than when a dad's shnookums is on the market. And since the modern-day equivalent of parchment is a Beefy T, we proudly present to you...

# A FEW RULES FOR DATING MY DAUGHTER

When you pick her up, do not honk. You will come to the door, smile, and blow into the apine summoning horn to signify your arrival.

No touching.

No furtive glances.

No sudden movements. She's been jittery lately and we're not sure why. Best to wait for test results to come in.

The following places are forbidden: bars, clubs, sexually lit rooms, mattress warehouses, pillow factories, decaying mansions of perverted old rich men, women's prisons, petting zoos, the Office Depot on Woodcliff where they sometimes have orgies in the back.

Water her regularly.

Actually, if you stop by Office Depot, could you pick me up some blank CD-Rs? Don't need them for anything specific, they're just good to have around.

If you wrong her, I will strangle you to death, then kill myself so I can ascend to heaven and strangle you there for all eternity. It will be a terrible tragedy for both our families, but she's my pookie.

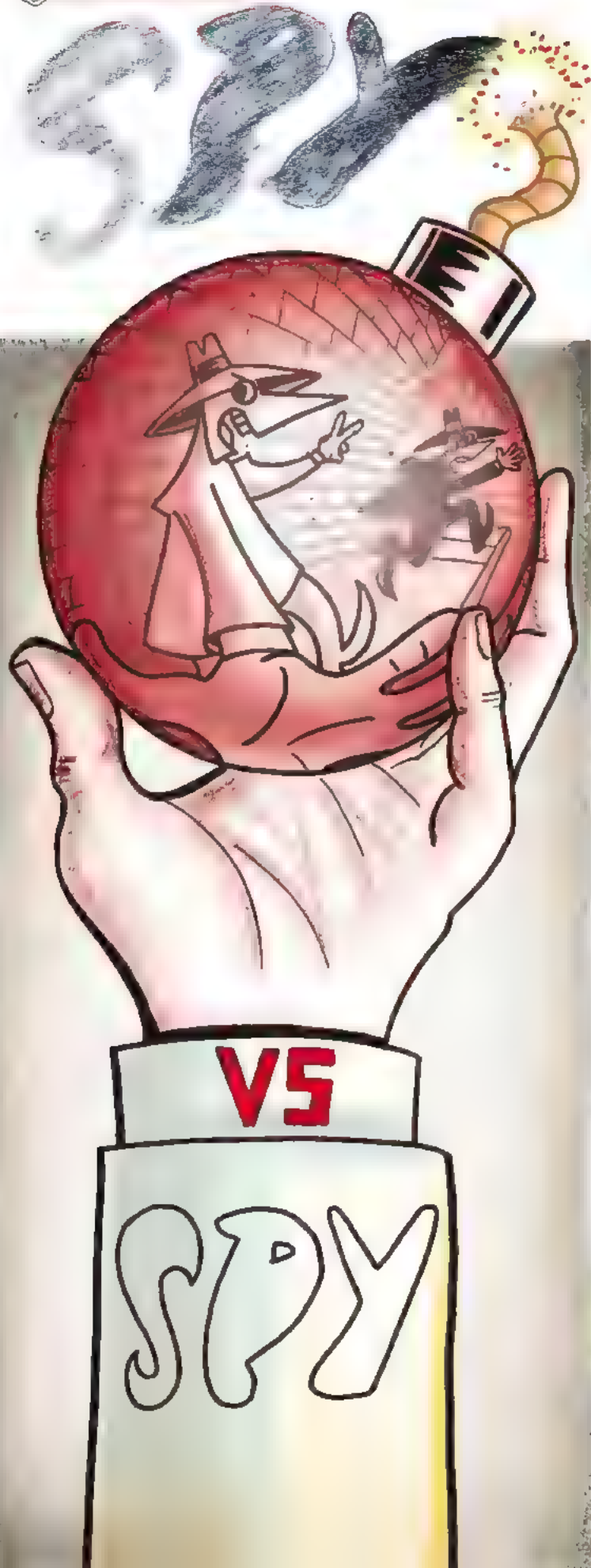
You'd better believe in heaven.

If you don't compliment her cute little dimples, I will cut dimples into your face with a Finnish hunting knife. Then I will outright refuse to compliment you on them so you will know how it feels.

Do not call the police on me. It won't work. Half the cops are my buddies, and the other half own this same T-shirt.

No kissing.

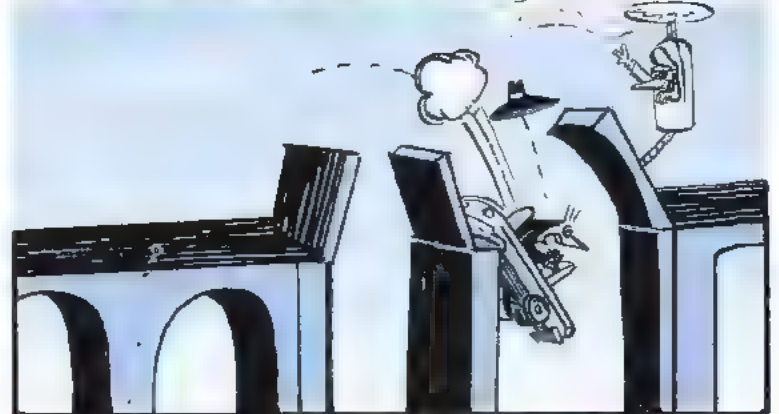
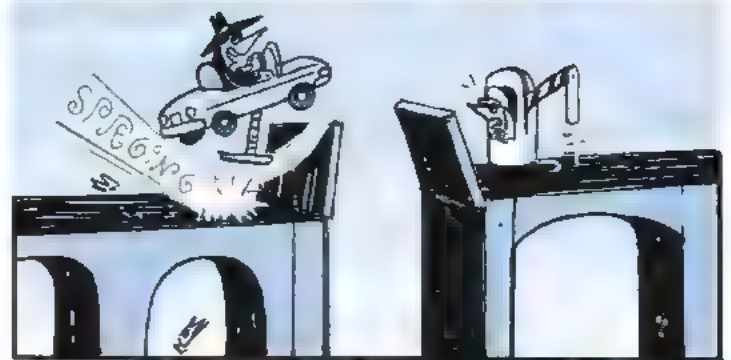
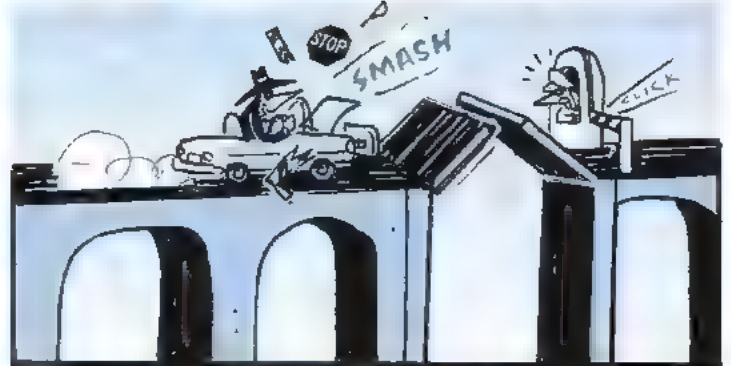
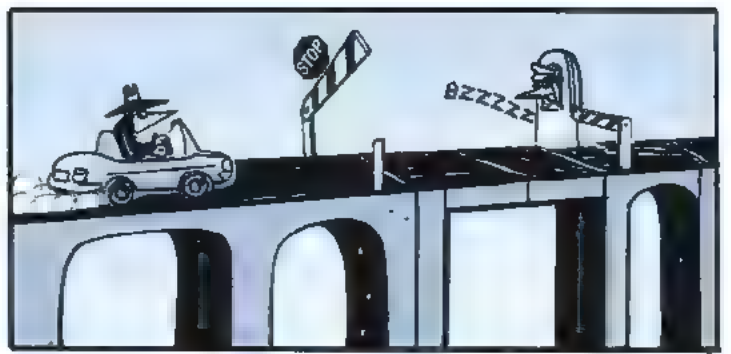








KUPER

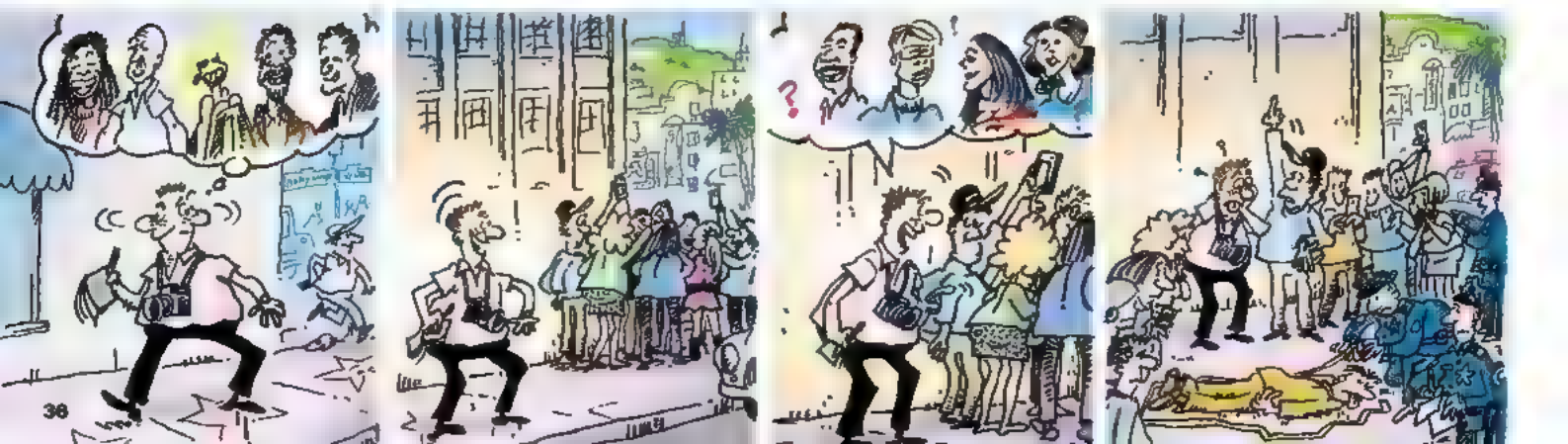
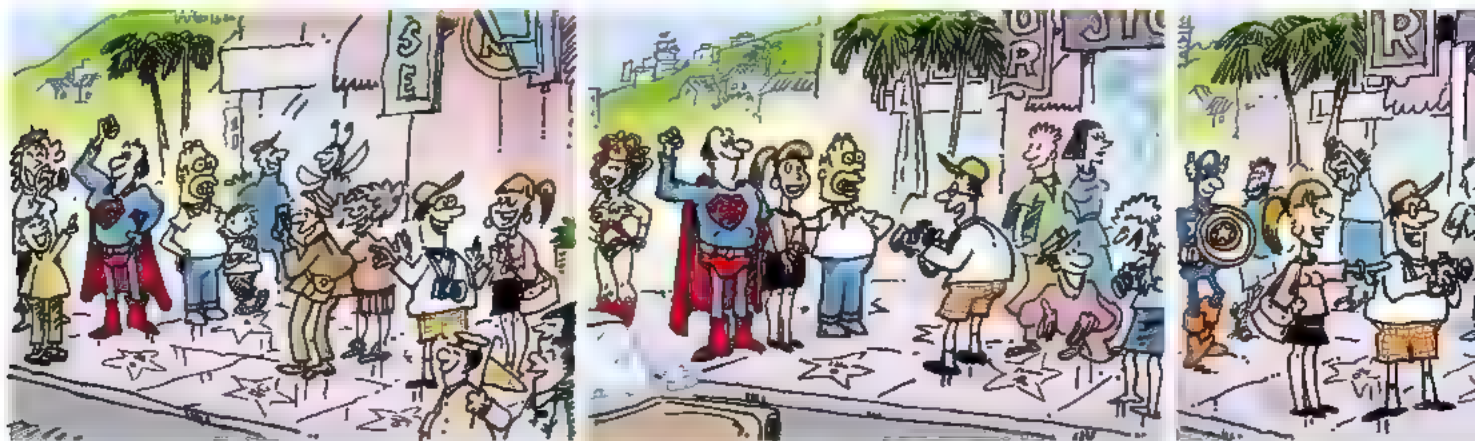




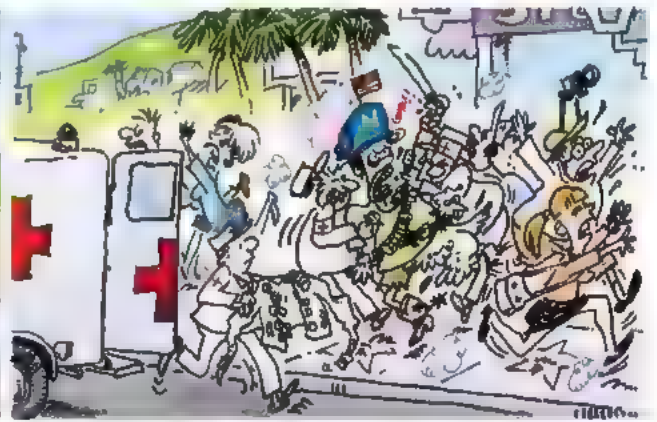
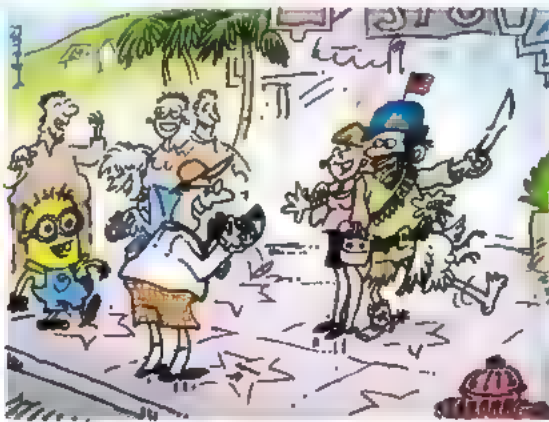
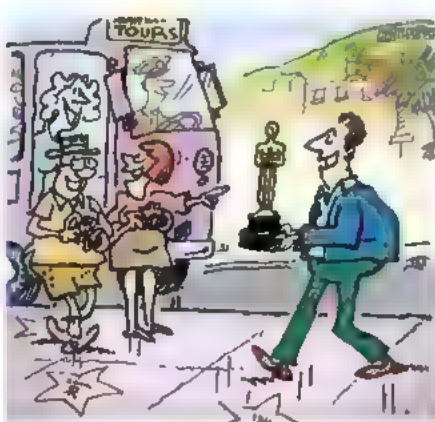
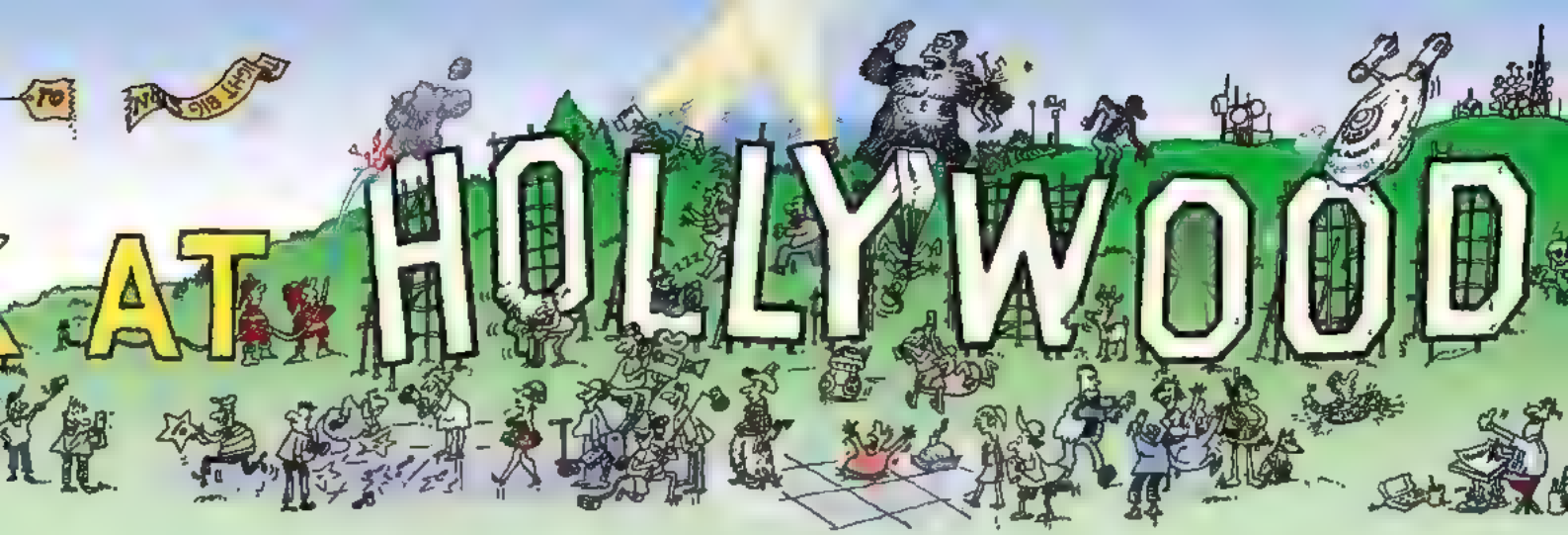
SERGIO FRAGONES

PRESENTS

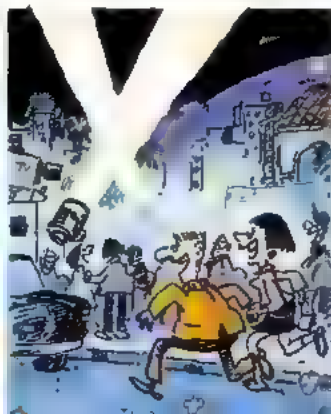
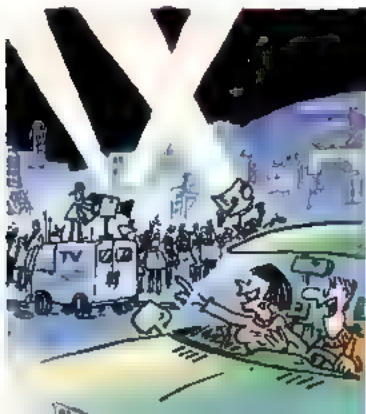
# A MAD LOOK



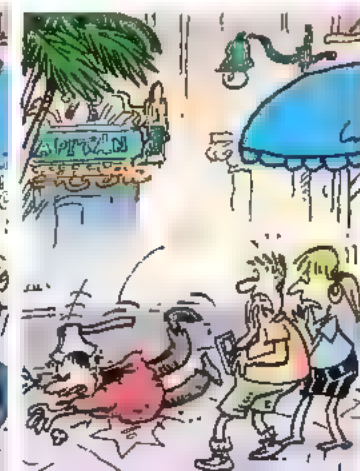
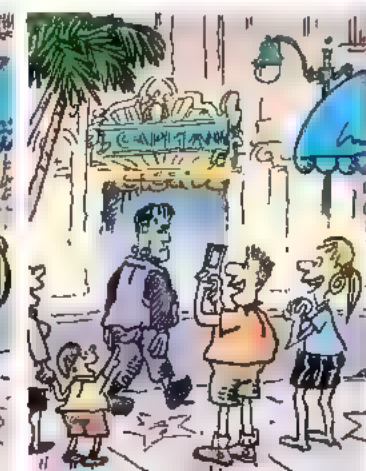
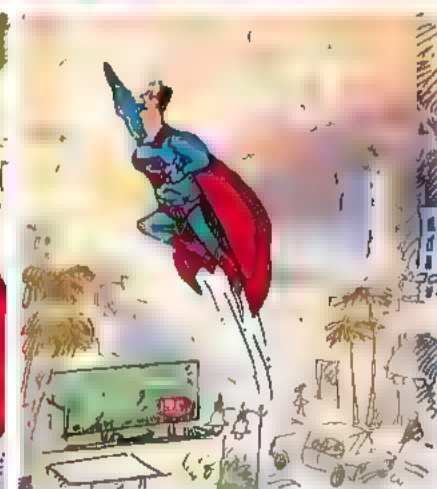
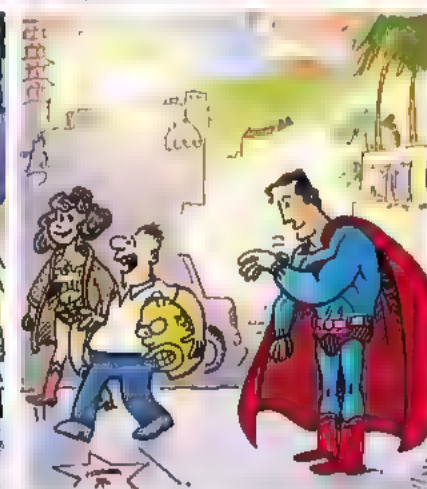
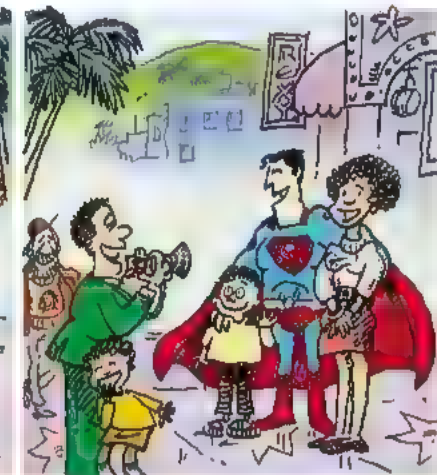
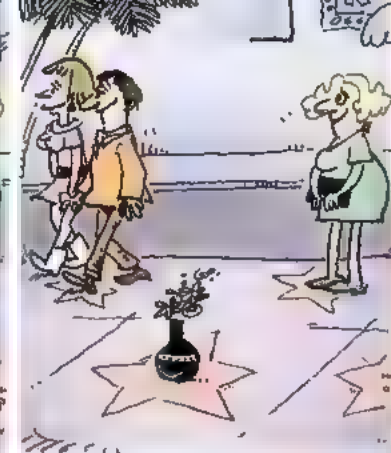
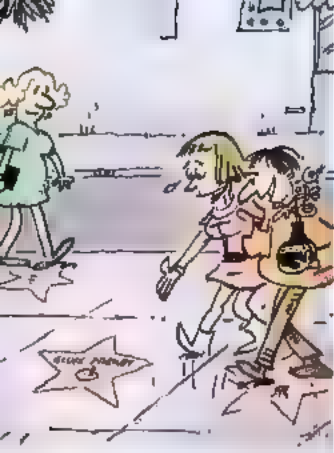




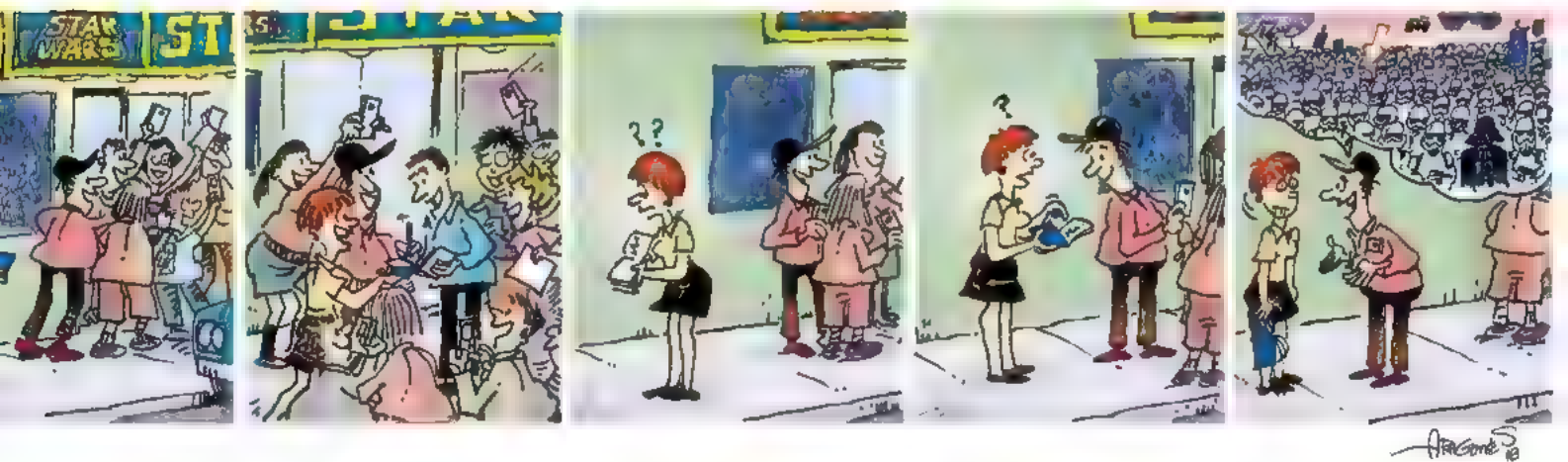
WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORIST VINCENT VIDI VICI















Yeah, time is up for all the piggy powerful men in Hollywood. These guys have gotta zip up and move over, because a change is coming. Get yourself a tub of popcorn and a nice glass of chardonnay, as we're about to show you some previews from...

# WHEN WOMEN take over HOLLYWOOD

WRITER &amp; ARTIST TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

Congrats! You've got the part of the vixen! You're smart and have cellulite in all the right places!



The new standard of beauty won't require stitches, needles, or anesthesia.

Wait, my ticket is twice as much and she gets free popcorn?!!?

Yep—new world, dude.



In an effort to make up for the salary gap between the sexes, guys will get charged more at movie theaters.

I think I just NAILED that 'Reading'! Well, it's not a speaking part, but you should have seen how I folded those towels...

Yeah, towels, the role is a towel boy...



White male actors will all be vying for the limited roles available.

For those super-tough jobs, I call on Mr. Dirty here—who made the mess in the first place—to make it sparkle again with *Shiny Pot!*



TV commercials will finally clean up the domestic stereotypes.



You want YOUR regular, Romaine and baby kale tossed with a little water?

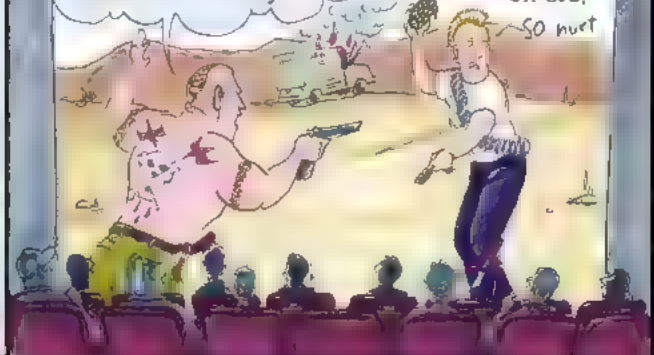
Nope, I'll take the pulled pork surprise with a side of blooming onion.



The salad industry will take a hit as actresses start eating again.

Hold on! I just realized I'm more hurt than angry!

Oh God, so hurt



Entertainment will feature less blowing things up and more talking things out.

Wait a minute. Key grip, gaffer, best boy... I can do these while the paint is drying on the set...



Movie credits will get way shorter, thanks to women's multitasking skills.



Oscar will get some estrogen.

Time's up! Get your sorry selves over here-gonna talk about owning some behavior...

Oh my God, couldn't we just go to jail?



All lecherous moguls will be weeded out and sent to Oprah for a good talking-to.

Ladies! How about a coupon for a free arm-fat liposuction session?

How about I like myself?



The plastic surgery industry will plummet.

HOLLYWOMB

The "wood" will lose its standing.





## SPOTTY HUMOR DEPT.

Anyone who's spent any appreciable time in a public men's room will tell you there's no single approved way to relieve oneself at a urinal. There are many styles and variations. Different strokes for different folks. We at MAD are keen (and covert) observers of such behavior and are pleased to present...

# 12 TYPES

## THE STUDENT DRIVER

(HANDS AT 10 AND 2)

## THE KING OF SIAM

## CURIOUS GEORGE

## THE MULTITASKER



## THE JOKESTER

I am very tall

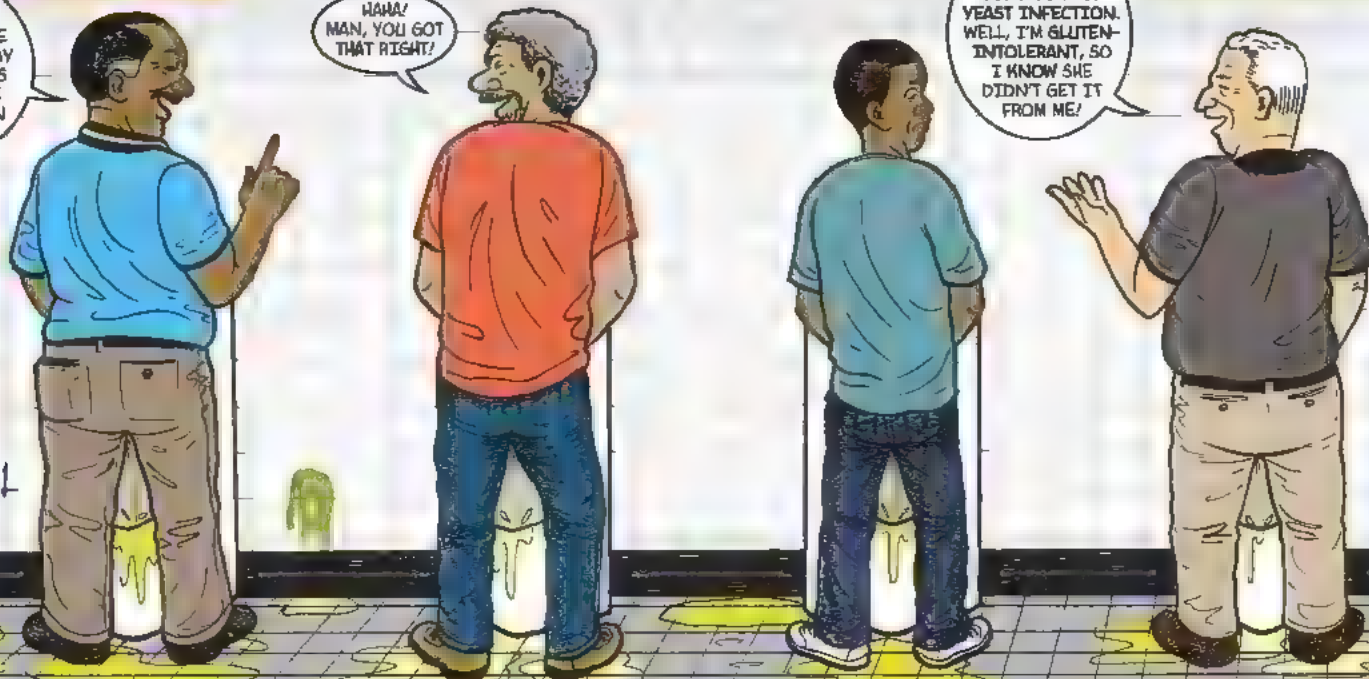
## THE RACONTEUR

THE MEN'S ROOM IS THE ONE PLACE WHERE IT'S BETTER TO SAY "I HAVE MY HANDS FULL" THAN "I'VE GOT TOO MUCH ON MY PLATE"

HAHA! MAN, YOU GOT THAT RIGHT!

THE WIFE PLOTTED FOR SOME SORT OF YEAST INFECTION. WELL, I'M GLUTEN-INTOLERANT, SO I KNOW SHE DIDN'T GET IT FROM ME!

NO HANDBALL PLAYING





YOU MAY  
FIND AT

# A URINAL

WRITER BILL MORRISON  
ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

FRET WILLY

JOE LOW 'N' LAZY

THE MOAN RANGER

(A.K.A. THE HOLY ROLLER)

NNNG.  
OH, GOD. AHHH.  
OOOH, SWEET  
CHRIST.

ALFRED  
WHZ HERE



THE PERP

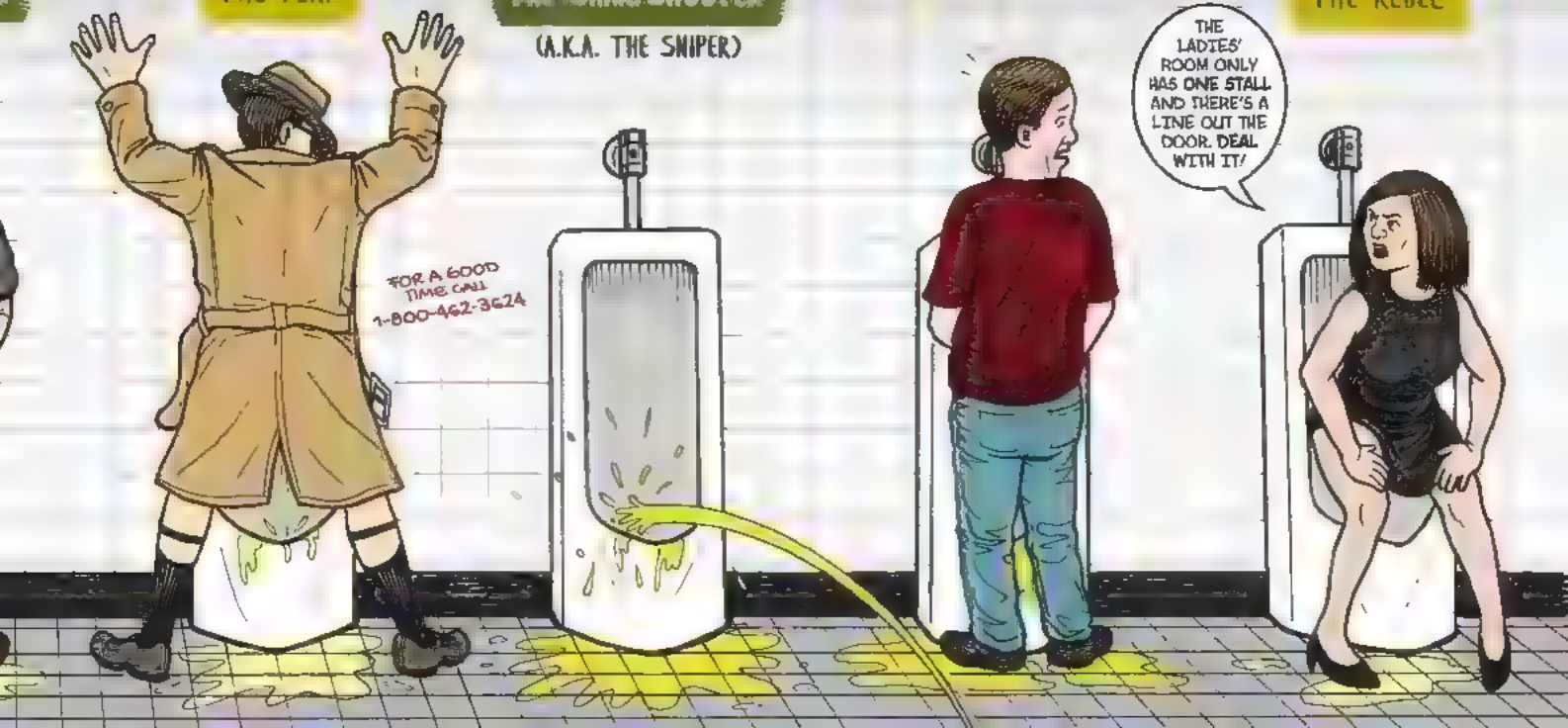
THE SHARPSHOOTER

(A.K.A. THE SNIPER)

THE REBEL

THE  
LADIES'  
ROOM ONLY  
HAS ONE STALL  
AND THERE'S A  
LINE OUT THE  
DOOR. DEAL  
WITH IT!

FOR A GOOD  
TIME CALL  
1-800-462-3624







# "A RUNNING DISCHARGE OF STEAMING MUCK"

—ROTTEN TOMATOES







THANKS, BUT NO THANKS DEPT.

# THANKS TO THIS ISSUE'S NON-CONTRIBUTORS!



## Lafayette Galoot

Mr. Galoot sent us a few one-panel cartoons, which may have worked if we published an Esperanto language edition of MAD. Gladly, we don't.



## Seigfried Zapata

Mr. Zapata, whose piece "What if ISIS Ran the Large Hadron Collider?" was turned down, submitted his new pitch, "One Fine Day at the Large Hadron Collider, Run by ISIS." Seigfried has been writing for 37 years, though not professionally.

## Karlotta Marinara

Karlotta lives in Dayton, Ohio, with her five Siamese kittens who likely wrote most of her rambling article "147 Signals Your Doodads Need Expurgating." This pitch set a record for fastest rejection at 3 minutes, 12 seconds.



## Lemuel Nodaway

Mr. Nodaway's rejected piece "The Amazing Similarities and Differences Between MAD's Fast Five and The Onion's 5 Things to Know" was amusing, but we found it too insider-y. Lemuel is proud to have also been rejected by *The New Yorker* and *Funeral Service Times*.



## Yancey Piffleman

When Mr. Piffleman asked if we'd be interested in his eight *Star Wars* film parodies, we said "No thanks, we've had that area covered for 40 years." We also couldn't use his idea of "a Fold-In, only it folds vertically, instead of horizontally." Ditto for "Guy vs. Guy." Yancey lives over a Van's store down by the river.



## Lachlan Brooder

Lachlan's "What if the Winnipeg Jets Were in Charge of the United Nations?" was turned down, as were his other 17 Winnipeg Jets-related articles. The Manitoba native claims to have a degree in Hockey Ethics from Trump University and promises to "keep sending stuff until something clicks." Goodie!

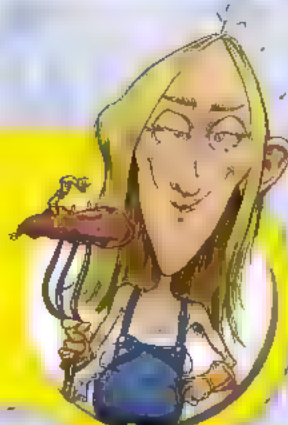
## Mordred Zartack

Mr. Zartack sent us several song parodies, which showed a great work ethic, but they're only funny if you know Brahms' Requiem Mass. We don't. Mordred teaches music at a magnet school in Bend, Oregon, which sounds about right.



## LaRhumba Gaitman

LaRhumba, a yam rancher, thought she'd "try and do something different" with "Galled Things Considered" and "Airhead Home Companion." We didn't go for either but admit that text-only satires of public radio shows would indeed be something different.

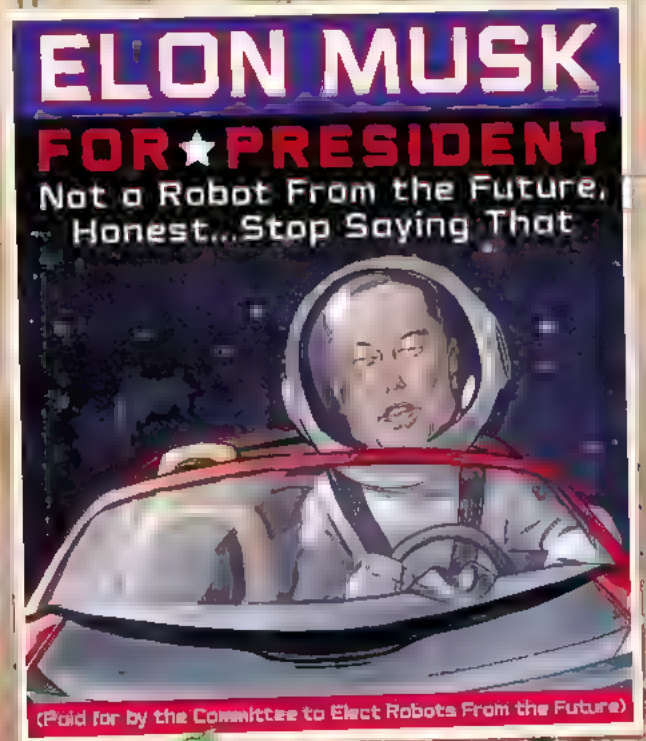
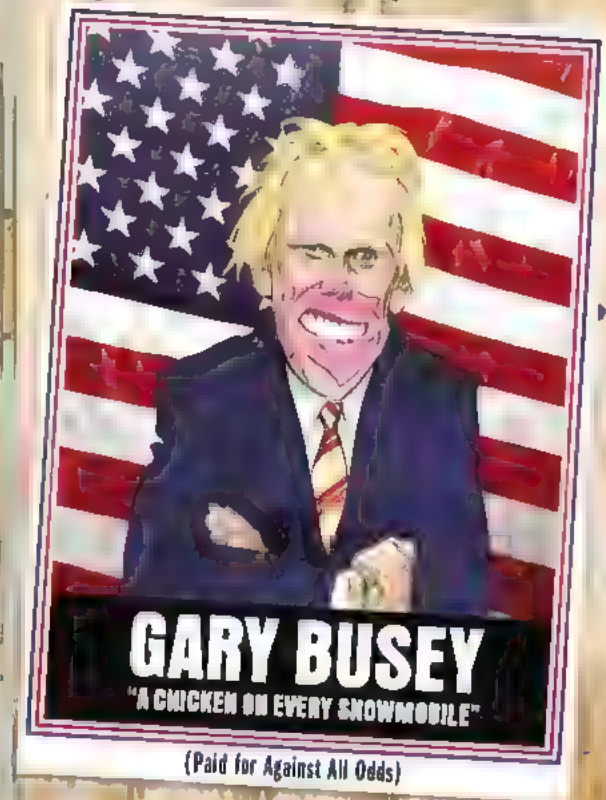






Oprah running for president? Sure, why not! Oprah's great. And her name is very easy to remember, which tests as the most important issue for the average American voter!

# CELEBRITY POLITICAL PO






We wondered what it would look like if every celebrity who's ever had their headshot hanging in a Toluca Lake dry cleaner started running for office and came up with these...

# STERS WED' LIKE TO SEE

## J.K. Rowling '20

She wasn't Born in America,  
But to Be Perfectly Honest,  
None of That Codswallop  
Really Matters Anymore.  
Now Does It?



*(Paid for by Rowling, who claims Rowling Rocked America)*

## gwyneth: a lifestyle president

★★★★★


A candidate unlike any other...  
delicately handpicked by  
constituents, bathed in  
Madagascar almond milk  
and consciously uncoupled  
from NRA donations. Gwyneth  
luxuriates the voter in artisanal  
detachment from the horrors  
of regular life.

Vote now and receive a  
free vaginal egg-dyeing kit  
for Easter

Egg Size: S, M, L, XL, Ostrich

**ADD TO VOTE** **MAYBE LATER**

*(Paid for by the Three Rich  
Weirdos Who Actually  
Buy Things on Goop)*




## CLOONEY THOSE EYES!

*(Paid for by the Committee to Elect George Clooney  
Before It's Possibly Revealed He Did Something Horrible)*

Bewitdaba Da Bang Da Bang Diggy  
Diggy Diggy Shake the Boogie Said  
Up Jump the Presidency

## MY NAME IS PREZ ROCK!



Corporations Are People, and This  
One Is Running for President



Vote Pfizer or We'll Take Your Inhaler off the Market

VOTE  
4  
ALFRED!



It's hard to explain,  
but trust me, I'm  
not a supervillain.



WRITER & ARTIST JON ADAMS



"Take, we're finally cleaning up Hollywood. Friday is my last day."

WRITER & ARTIST BOB ECKSTEIN

**NEW**  
**WEATHER**  
**APP ICONS**  
THAT SUGGEST  
CLIMATE CHANGE  
**IS REAL**



BEEQUAKE



MELTING SIDEWALKS



SNOW IS  
FLAMMABLE NOW



DINOSAURS ARE BACK,  
FOR SOME REASON  
(ALL THINGS CONSIDERED  
PROBABLY FINE)

WRITER KENNY KEIL  
ARTIST JIM MACQUARRIE

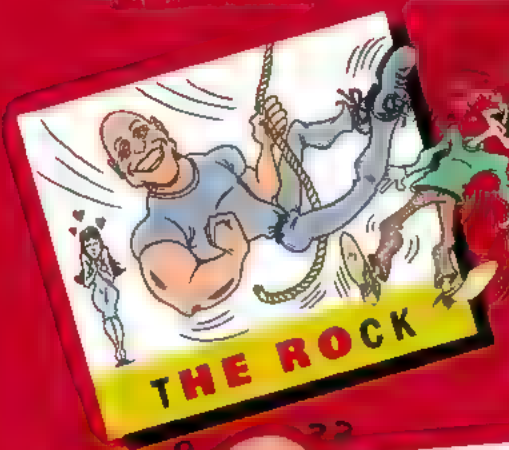


Subliminal messages are everywhere. From the Mummy on the dollar bill to the crop circles most likely created by aliens (but possibly commissioned by the Illuminati!), we just can't seem to get away from hidden codes and clues. Heck, even the names of our beloved celebrities contain secret meanings! Which has us asking:

# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WRITER ZACH SHERWIN

ARTIST ROCK TULKA



**THE ROCK**



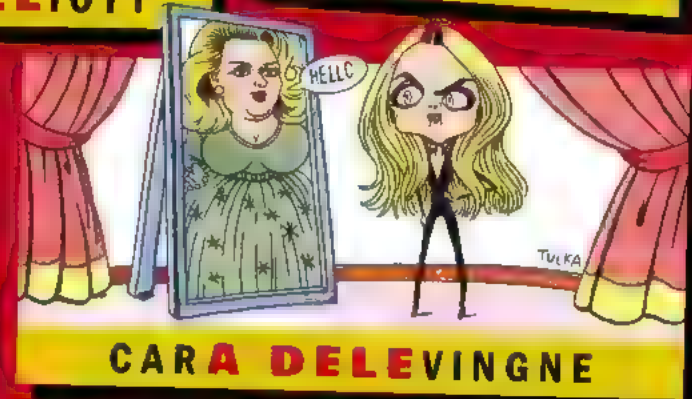
**MISSY ELLIOTT**



**CEELO GREEN**



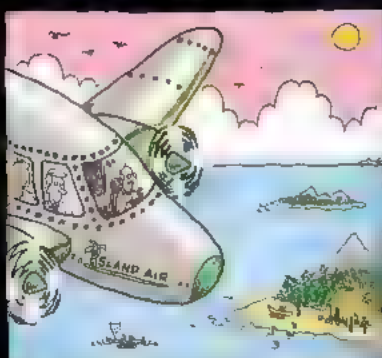
**STEVIE WONDER**



**CARA DELEVINGNE**

## HUMOUR WHILE YOU WAIT

"MISSIONARY POSITION"



WRITER & ARTIST KYLE BRIDGETT



# THE DOWNSIDES OF BEING A YOUTUBE STAR



You can't start a single sentence without a compulsory "Hey, what's up guys!"



The constant fear that you peaked too early in life and may never top your viral masterpiece, "Caught Pooping in the Display Toilet at Home Depot."



Your career took off a little quicker than expected and now you're stuck with your username forever.



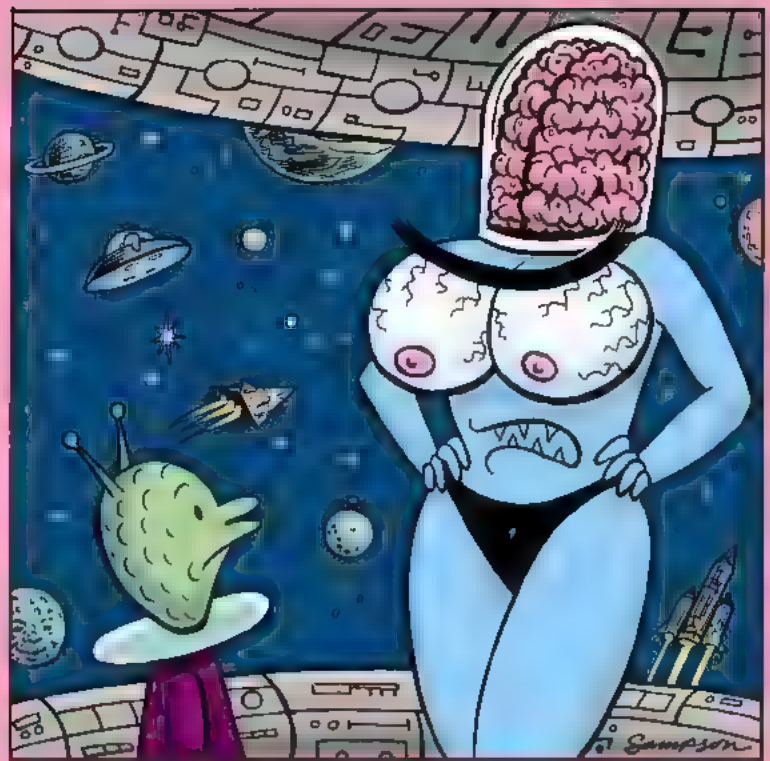
After years of editing video game footage, you've developed romantic feelings for Sonic the Hedgehog.



It's super awkward when fans ask for a photo while you're taking their order at Sbarro.

WRITER: KENNY NEE

ARTIST: ED STECKLE



"HEY, SPACEBOY- EYES UP HERE!"

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

## EVEN MORE THINGS TRUMP RUINED



RED CAPS



DIET COKE



IVANKA'S BRAND



ANYTHING ORANGE



TWITTER



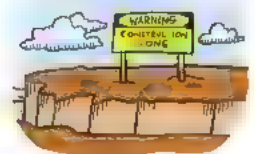
CHOCOLATE CAKE



TIKI TORCHES



HOME ALONE 2



NATIONAL PARKS

Maria Scrivan

WRITER & ARTIST MARIA SCRIVAN





"Maybe we should just go back to the counting thing"

WRITER & ARTIST LARS KENSETH



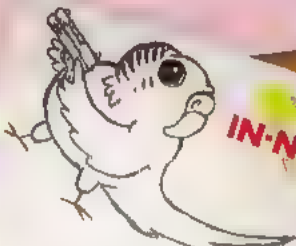
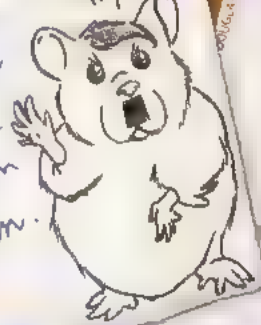
Another fateful night at Wayne Manor.

WRITER & ARTIST ERIC HAVEN

# MOVIE PITCHES FROM THE HOLLYWOOD PLOT NAPKIN GRAVEYARD

man time - travels  
to 1930's Germany  
in order to  
prevent his  
girlfriend's  
kiss from  
being born.

SQUEAK!  
HEIL!



IN-N-OUT

SHY IN-N-OUT CASHIER  
TURNS INTO VENGEFUL  
BUDGIE EVERY HARVEST  
MOON, FIGHTS VERY  
MINOR CRIMES.

HALLMARK CHRISTMAS SPECIAL  
an orphan, a puppy, and a  
highway are adopted by  
a grandmother. Together  
they learn of  
Christ's love

DEEP BALLERS  
GET LEMENS

The Esoteric Order  
of Fish Tacos

TITANIC SEQUEL  
follows the life of the  
giant squid that eats  
Jack Dawson's corpse

Paully Shore is King  
Richard III but the  
mafia has other  
ideas

Psychic Predicts  
irrelevant things, not his  
one believes her until  
it's too late. - *[Signature]*  
9 am - *[Signature]*  
7 pm - *[Signature]*  
TRANSMIT TO  
HELL!!!

THE MA + LOUISE except  
it's two law-abiding  
Republican ladies in a  
golf cart.

FOPE!



MIAMI



RECENT HOUSE  
RENTAL





## OUT WITH THE NEW (MAN)

I just saw the advertising for the new MAD Magazine, with the new “look” for Alfred E. Neuman. You call that Alfred? You’re gonna do away with the missing front tooth?

# YECHE!!!

Looks like some wannabe late-night talk show host. And what’s with the little side-hip pose? I think

## I’M GONNA BARF.

Do yourselves a favor—don’t do it.

**John Langford, via email**

Judge ‘n’ Jury John—It’s been said the new Alfred was just part of a hoax to make readers think we were messing up the new MAD, and that he was always meant to be temporary. Maybe that’s true...or maybe we offed him for you, John. In any case, you can rest easy knowing that “New Man” Neuman’s virile and veneered visage has been vanquished.

—Alex Taffer,

MAD Intern and Chief Letter Answerer

IT'S GONNA BARF



Super-cool **JUSTINE BATEMAN** came by the MAD office recently to check out all things Alfred. On her heels were members of the USA Olympic curling team, who shuffled in right after getting the gold to preview our first issue—the only thing more thrilling than winning a medal.



THE MALLORY GALLERY





MeTV horror-movie maestro **Svengoolie** plucked the first issue of MAD from our hands as fast as he plucked that chicken. Word is he devoured one of the two just moments later, but we didn't stick around to find out which.

MAD props to

# Jeremy Andrews

of **WHEELER & WHEELER** for this fine rendering of Alfred E. Neuman as...a linebacker? He sure looks like he could kick some ass! We approve, Jeremy, but better not show this buffed-up Alfred to John Langford (see first letter).

## POO-POOING US

Love the latest issue, but stop the

### toilet, poop, and piss jokes.

They don't work.

## A Subscriber

**Anonymous & Squeamish**—We've received a stream of messages like this, and we're making a real push to get this crap out of our magazine. We'll strain to make MAD cleaner until we're flush in the face. It's been upgraded from our #2 to our #1 most important issue, so movement will be swift. —AT

## A RESPONSE IS MERITED

I'm a fan of your magazine, and here I am writing a letter to you. I know, right—not an email! Kids do know what paper is! (I'm 13.) Well, I'm in the Boy Scouts (yes, kids are still in Boy Scouts), and for my Communications Merit Badge I have to write to a magazine. So I chose you! Well, MAD is great and you have been around since 1952. I say that you should not change a thing.

**Aidan Schultz, Troop 7012, Vallejo, CA**

**Whatta Trooper**—We'll certainly try not to change anything about MAD—aside from all the major changes we just made since you wrote this letter. Here's hoping you still consider us badge-worthy post-relaunch, Aidan! Regardless, congrats on your vallant deed of putting pen to paper, and if there's a Goofing Off Merit Badge, we hope you'll earn it by reading our mag! —AT





# MAD AT WONDERCON

It's a Wonder we managed to Con our way into hosting a panel at this year's convention in Anaheim (the first MAD panel at WonderCon ever!). Contributors Tom Richmond, Bob Fingerman, Sergio Aragonés, and Luke McGarry joined our staff for an hour of spoofs and song that no doubt changed the lives of all who attended.



## HEY, POST OFFICE, GET BENT!

I've enjoyed reading and subscribing to MAD for a while now. I do have a concern though: When I get your magazine in the mail, it always ends up folded or bent. Not sure why the mailman does that, but a few issues I've received have been curled up. Would there be a way for you to mail the issues protected somehow?

**—MICKY, LA, CA**

Deth Wisher—Here at MAD, we take issue integrity seriously, so we tracked down your mailman and tailed him. It seems his days involve a lot of rolling up magazines and tossing things—out in the open, even. Disgusting. So come the holiday season, hit him where it counts: his holiday tip. Fold, spindle, and mutilate that thing before handing it to him. He'll get the message. —AT

## THE FAMILY THAT COSPLAYS TOGETHER...

Juli Miller and her daughter Chloe of Valencia, CA, blew us away with their stylish Spy attire and "accessories." They also impressed Sergio Aragonés, who signed their explosives. The Spy ensembles came out so spiffy, we understand they'll also be wearing them on Chloe's wedding day! (The groom will be outfitted in a flame-retardant, bulletproof tux.)



## A MICKEY MOUSE PAD

I have spent my hard earned money on your magazine for 25 years. I didn't know why, until I accidentally found a use for your publication. For whatever reason, my optical mouse wouldn't work on the glass top of my new desk. But to my amazement when I placed a copy of MAD on the table... presto! The mouse worked.

**Barbara Marble,  
Hernando, MS**

Barbara, Duchess of Marbles—My liege, heaven forbid something as inappropriate as our mag should top your new *escritoire*. Only an object of the highest quality should rest between its shimmery surface and your \*gasp\* optical mouse. That's why we suggest swapping out the MAD Magazine for...a MAD mousepad! We're sending one your way—it's the very least we can do. —AT



Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are deemed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

# THE MAD MANIFESTO

I wrote this letter 30 years ago. Please help correct this injustice!

—T. Rathbone

April 5, 1987

Dear Sock in David Bowie's *Pants in Labyrinth*,

Firstly, allow me to congratulate you on your performance. It must have been thrilling to be involved in a picture as monumental as Jim Henson's *Labyrinth*, and you truly set the bar for future generations of clothing/objects with aspirations of being jammed down the front of David Bowie's pants.

When you first appeared on screen, you took my breath away. You are a veritable chameleon. I couldn't tell if you were a banana, a roll of quarters, or a length of garden hose. It takes a special pedigree of actor to disappear completely into a role, but you dissolved into Bowie's pants like an Alka-Seltzer tablet. It wasn't until days later, whilst perusing an artist spotlight in *Variety*, that I learned it was you all along, you marvelous, knee-length dynamo.

Sure, the supporting cast did their best to shine alongside you. But no star burned as brightly as yours. No actor or puppet in this film dared me to wonder whether they were a flashlight, or perhaps a telescope.

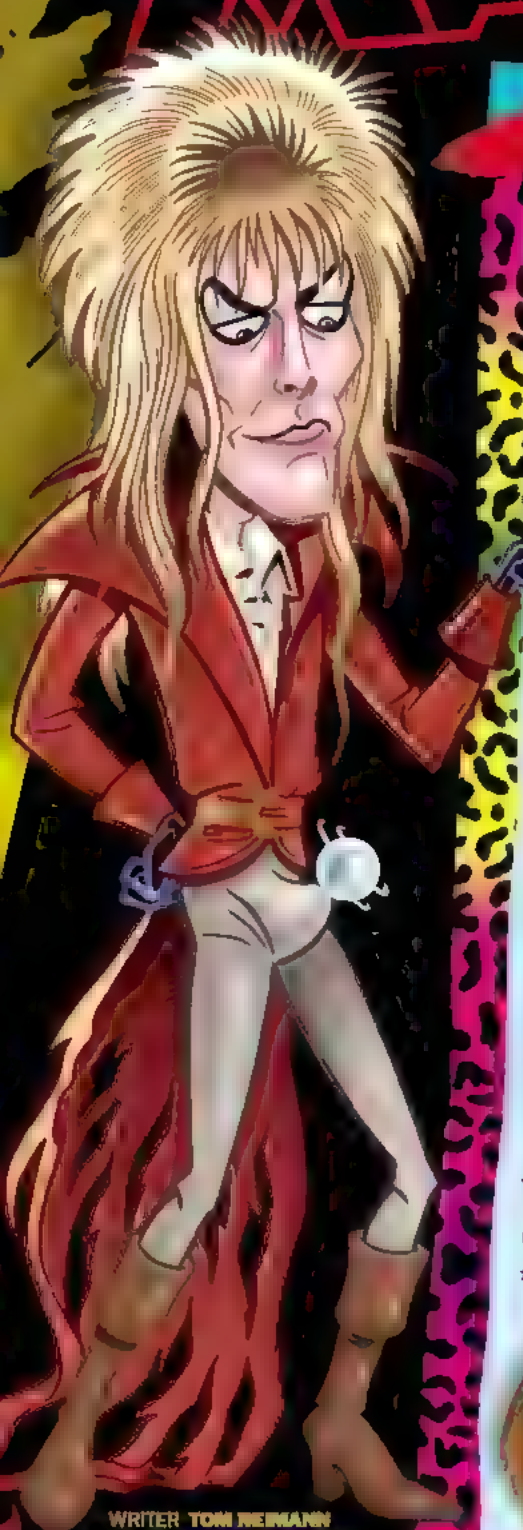
I have made a resolution that I will not rest until the 1987 Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor is stripped from Michael Caine and presented to you. If I sell some possessions and am able to trade off some closing shifts at California Pizza Kitchen, this goal is not only attainable but within our grasp. Until we are able to achieve it, please accept the enclosed lock of my hair as a small token of gratitude. You are an inspiration to trouser bulges the world over, and I hope this letter has eased some of the frustration you must feel after enduring such an indignity.

Yours Sincerely and Respectfully,

Teague Rathbone

Teague Rathbone

Mid-Shift Host,  
California Pizza Kitchen



WRITER TOM NEWMAN

ARTIST BILL MORRISON

COLORIST NATHAN KANE

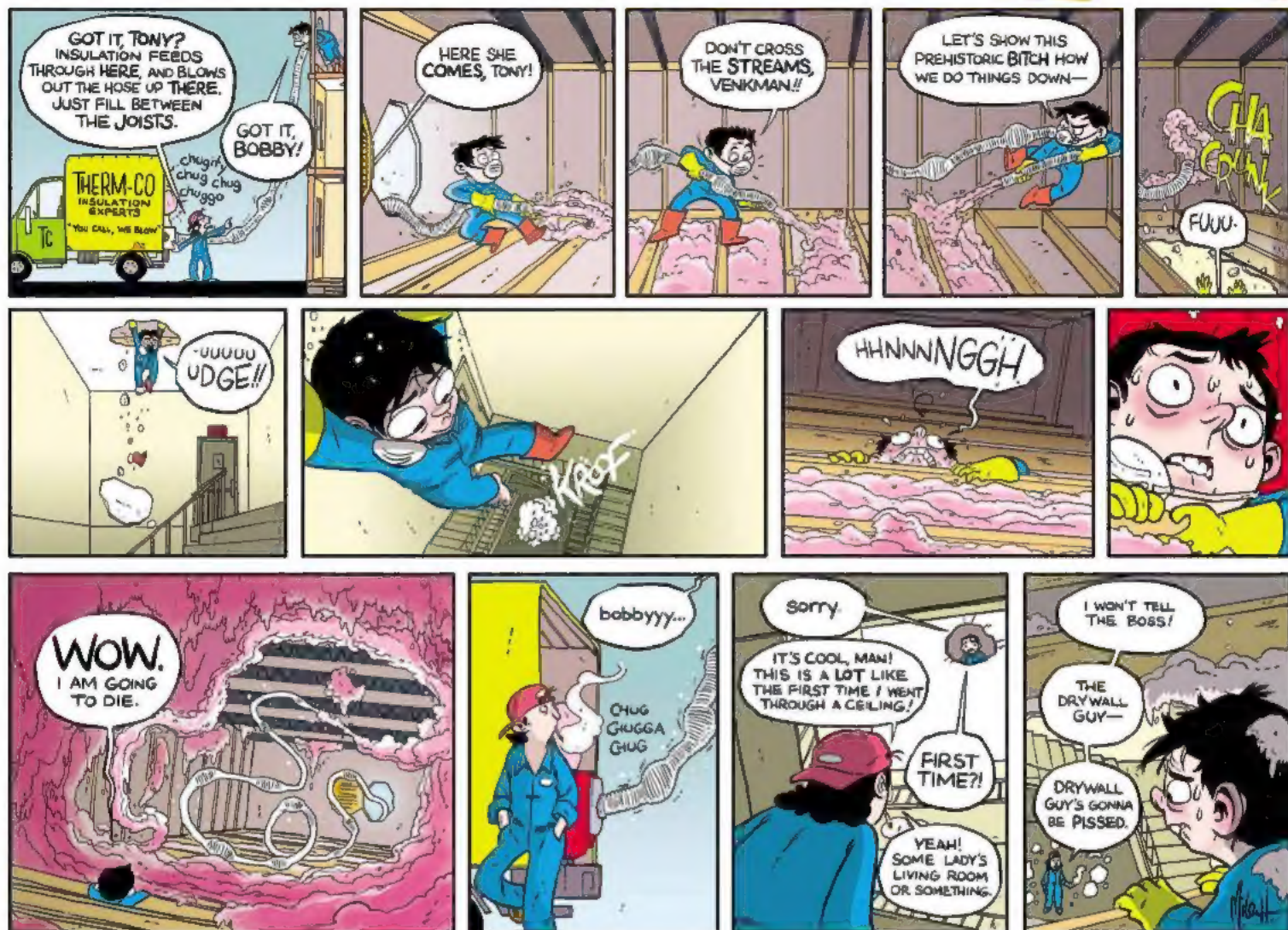
ADDITIONAL PHOTOS VIA BREAKFASTTIME.COM

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Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! Introducing...

# REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Tony Colwell**.

Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com)! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!

All stories submitted to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com) may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

# MAD

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**WHAT DO  
FLORIDA REAL  
ESTATE INVESTORS  
THINK WILL GO  
UP, UP, UP?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Retiring to Florida with its year-round warm weather is the dream of multitudes. But like with everything else, there's a price to pay. To find out what, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A



B



A

B



**THE SERENE BEAUTY AND DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE IN FLORIDA  
LEAD TO HIGH PRICES, BE IT A MANSION OR LOWLY HOVEL.**

A

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

B



Scientists wanted  
a giant battery  
that would  
AUTO-CHARGE  
**FOREVER!**

But instead of a  
miracle, they created...

# THE **BEHEMOTH** **BATTERY THAT** **WOULD** **NOT CHARGE!**

THEY HAD A  
POSITIVE FEELING  
IT COULD BE TAMED,  
BUT EVERYTHING  
WAS TURNING OUT  
**NEGATIVE!**

**2½ YEARS**  
IN THE PLANNING...

**15 MONTHS**  
IN THE WRITING...

**3 DAYS**  
IN THE FILMING!

Starring

LEONARDO DICAPACITOR · EMMA WATT-SON · MARK WAHLPLUG · JOHN TRAVOLTAGE · CATHODE KEENER · ION MCKELLEN

SCREENPLAY BY

THE SAME WRITER WHO LOANED A PENCIL TO  
**GUILLERMO del TORO**

PRODUCED BY

A MAN WITH THE SAME INITIALS AS  
**SCOTT RUDIN**

DIRECTED BY

SOMEONE WHO ONCE EMAILED  
**STEVEN SPIELBERG**

SOUNDTRACK BY

**AC/DC!**

Bound to be your **CURRENT** favorite!

**WARNING!**

All Electronics Must Be Shut Off When Entering the Theater—  
OR RISK THEIR BATTERIES BECOMING MUTANTS, TOO!

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **SCOTT ANDERSON**



WHAT DO  
FLORIDA REAL  
ESTATE INVESTORS  
THINK WILL GO  
UP, UP, UP?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A



B

A B



THE SEA  
LEVEL.

A B